SPORT

FEB. 60¢

PERFORMER OF THE YEAR

MARK SPITZ
Fish Out Of Water

WILLIS REED
The Art & Agony of a Gentle Giant

RICK BARRY
Loves Playing In

(Fill In The Town)

GERRY CHEEVERS
The Ma
In T
Stitched
Up

RICK BARRY

RETAILERS: See Page 106 For Special Display Plan

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?

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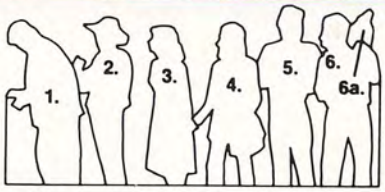

In this picture everybody has a gimmick . . . almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's Alfonso Cliggitt, divorce lawyer. Gimmick: far out dress to intimidate the opposition. Smokes cigarettes made of dried tundra. **2.** Harold A. Baer, rare book expert. ("Books Old and Rare from Harry Baer.") Thinks rolling his own makes him look younger. A real dingbat. **3.** If she's the Camel Filters smoker, the guy with the beard is Jean Harlow. **4.** Gene Harlow. **5.** Right! He's just himself. And he sees through all the gimmicks. That's why he smokes an honest, no-nonsense cigarette. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. Made from fine tobacco. **6.** A. Boswell Farquar. Gimmick: a white (not green) parrot. Hasn't seen a movie in years. They won't let his parrot in. **6a.** Parrot. Smokes a meerchaum pipe but has trouble keeping it lit.

Camel Filters. They're not for everybody (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG.'72.

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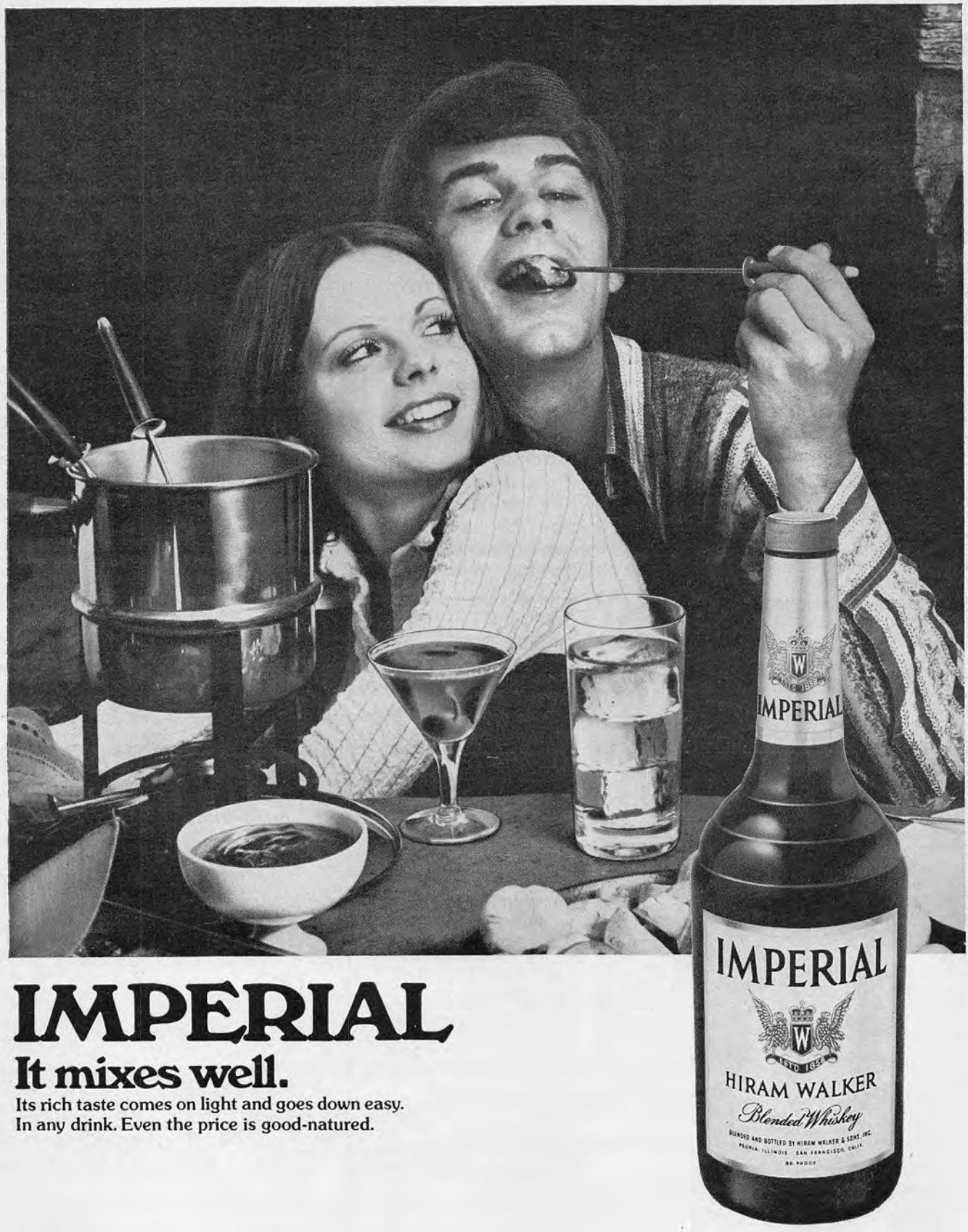

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SPORT

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Willis Reed NANCY MORAN

PENSKE'S CAN-AM PORSCHES START HERE:

"Penske's Team? They haven't got a chance."

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FEBRUARY THIS MONTH IN SPORT

MARK SPITZ

Every February, whether the ground hog sees his shadow or not, SPORT looks back over its shoulder and names its choices for the outstanding performers in sports the previous year. One man is always singled out as the Performer of the Year.

Now we know this is no big deal. It's not like being named *Time* Magazine's Man of the Year, an honor which you have to be a president or a scientist or a dictator to win, nor like being asked to address both houses of the Congress, nor even like being tapped to be a foldout in *Cosmopolitan*.

So we don't expect our nominee to do flips or anything over the honor. Still, we're reasonably proud of the people we've selected over the years, people like Sandy Koufax and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Rocky Marciano and Muhammad Ali. None of these athletes ever lied and said being named SPORT's Performer of the Year was the greatest thing that ever happened to him. But all of them indicated that they were at least pleased by the nomination.

This year, in this issue, we have an exception. His name is Mark Spitz, and he is the first swimmer to be SPORT's Performer of the Year. We can't say for sure whether Spitz is pleased or grateful or what. We can't say because no matter how hard we tried, we couldn't get in touch with Mark Spitz.

The trouble is that Mark Spitz has swum straight into the mouth of the whale, and the whale is the William Morris Agency, and sooner or later, just like Monstro, once Gepetto got to him, the William Morris Agency is going to cough up a little wooden boy. The difference between the Pinocchio story and this one is that the William Morris Agency seems determined to keep its little boy wooden. The last thing they want to get involved with is reality.

Paul Hemphill's story on the subject, "Fish Out of Water," is set mostly in Los Angeles, California, which is about as far from reality as you want to get.

"The Sports Commissioners: Czars or *Muzhiks*?" is the work of Harvey Aaronson, who is sort of a ghost lawyer. He recently collaborated with F. Lee Bailey on the best-seller, *The Defense Never Rests*, a title stolen from Alex Karras. We were afraid that after working on a book about men accused of robbery, murder and worse, Aaronson might have difficulty adjusting to the commissioners. He said he had no trouble.

Our story on Frank Shorter, the Marathon champion, came to us from a real lawyer, John Parker, who has studied and jogged with Shorter. Actually, our first choice to write the story was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who had some experience with the law himself. Sir Arthur covered the 1908 Olympic Marathon, the last Olympic marathon won by an American, till Shorter came along, and the creator of Sherlock Holmes captured the agony of the marathon perfectly:

"It is horrible, yet fascinating," Sir Arthur wrote, "this struggle between a set purpose and an utterly exhausted frame."

Not bad. Maybe we can use him in a future issue.

—Dick Schaap

SPORT

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	AMC	GM	FORD	VW	CHRYSLER
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Spark plugs	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Points & Condenser	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Shock Absorbers	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Brake linings	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Clutch lining	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Wiper blades	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Light bulbs	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Hoses & Belts	YES	YES	NO	NO	NO

SERVICES PROVIDED FREE.

Wheel alignment	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Wheel balancing	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Align headlights	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust carburetor	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust distributor	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust brakes	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust clutch	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust transmission bands	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Adjust & tighten belts	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Tighten nuts & bolts	YES	NO	NO	NO	YES
Free loaner car	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
Trip Interruption Protection	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO

Last year American Motors introduced the Buyer Protection Plan.

Now everyone's trying to get on the bandwagon.

So, once and for all, we'd like to set the record straight. Who does back their cars the best?

Well, notice the proliferation of "NO's" in every one but the American Motors column.

Why a Buyer Protection Plan and not just a guarantee?

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*When you buy a new 1973 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship. This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first. All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer.

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Item: Special Trip Interruption Protection. If your car needs guaranteed repairs more than 100 miles from home, American Motors will pay all reasonable expenses for food and lodging—up to $150.

Item: A free hot line to Detroit. If you want to get mad at us, we'll listen.

Our dealers make it possible for us to run this ad.

No manufacturer's guarantee can be successful without the cooperation of its dealers.

And like us, our dealers' dedication to the Buyer Protection Plan has become a way of life.

They know that we'll back them in their commitment to you, the customer, under the terms of the Buyer Protection Plan.

Besides, they're finding out what we've suspected all along: Build a good strong car with a good strong guarantee and the world will beat a path to your door.

AMC

We back them better because we build them better.

LETTERS TO SPORT

McGUIRE PRO

I really enjoyed Jimmy Breslin's article on Al McGuire in your December issue ("The Coach Who Couldn't Shoot Straight"). True, Al probably was never a good shooter, but he sure knows how to "shoot straight" with the boys he recruits at Marquette. Enough can't be said for Al and how he relates to his players. He is, indeed, a legend basketball must be grateful for.

Russ Walbrun
Menasha, Wis.

McGUIRE CON

Jimmy Breslin's article on Al McGuire of Marquette provided an excellent insight into the latter's dealings with his players. Apparently, McGuire is a most self-centered individual who values victory at all costs, even at the expense of molding his athletes into good American citizens.

McGuire said he has looked in his refrigerator and those of his Black players before making his philosophical decisions. He should take a good look in his mirror.

Donald M. Donnelly
Metairie, La.

AXTHELM VS. JABBAR

In "The Year the Lakers Won the Championship" (December), Pete Axthelm writes about all the unfair and opinionated criticism that was directed toward Wilt Chamberlain during his career in the NBA.

Then, in the midst of the same article, he writes, "While Chamberlain preached and practiced the tried and true values of Americanism, capitalism and materialism, Kareem alienated many middle-American fans with his Islamic faith, militant attitude and haughty manner."

By making such a prejudiced remark, Axthelm is doing to Abdul-Jabbar precisely what was done to Chamberlain early in his career. Certainly there are better ways to give Chamberlain the credit he deserves than by running down his rivals.

Dick Scanlon
Bedford, Ind.

Ed. Pete respects your right to hold an opinion.

FOUR QUEENS

While enduring a long, boring wait in my dentist's waiting room, I picked up your December issue of Sport. I turned to Tony Kornheiser's article, "In Tennis, Four Queens Means a Full House," since I'm a tennis fanatic. I found his description of the four women to be absolutely engrossing, informative, personal—surely one of the finest pieces of tennis writing I've seen in a long time. Let's hear more from this talented writer!

Toni L. Katz
New York, N.Y.

Ed. You will.

WICHARD

In his story on Gary Wichard ("The Unmaking of the Prospect, 1972," December), Don Kowet rifled a serious and unfounded allegation at the New York press, especially the New York *Times*, accusing us of "shilling for a hometown kid."

As the author of the *Times* story on Wichard, which "started it all," let me set the truthful scene. I chose to write about Wichard because of his uncanny passing accomplishments—16 touchdown passes, etc. No one from Post approached us trying to sell a story—we approached them. After watching Wichard lead a mediocre team to an eight win season and Boardwalk Bowl invitation, I can still objectively say he is a great, great quarterback. Were the dozens of NFL scouts who touted Wichard weekly shilling, or were they duped? Next time, maybe, Kowet will check the facts.

Marty Twersky
New York, N.Y.

Ed. The Times *lead used the famous Tittle quote. According to Tittle, Don Kowet is the only reporter who has called to verify the accuracy of the quote.*

Who didn't check his facts? ? ?

WHOSE FAUX PAS?

As a long time reader of SPORT and a former classmate of writer Jeff Greenfield at the University of Wisconsin, I was delighted to read "Derek Sanderson and First Prize: Five Years in Philadelphia" (December)—almost delighted, that is.

I'm disappointed that writer Greenfield would ruin an interesting look into the background of Sanderson's windfall in Philadelphia with a diatribe against Sanderson's political views. I still prefer to read Reston, Royko or Buchwald for an analysis of the political climate. Greenfield should be given a ten-minute misconduct penalty for this faux pas.

Lee R. Bueksten

Ed. Reston, Royko and Buchwald have taken Greenfield's political writing more seriously—when they were analyzing the speeches Jeff wrote for John Lindsay and Robert Kennedy.

RATING NAMATH'S RATINGS

I was amazed at Joe Namath's comments regarding some of the professional quarterbacks ("Joe Namath Rates His Rivals," December) and particularly, his observations about Roger Staubach not being able to read defenses. In 1971, Staubach completed approximately 60 per cent of his passes, and had fewer interceptions than any quarterback in the league. He was All-Pro, won the Maxwell award, quarterbacked the Dallas Cowboys to the Super Bowl, and was named the Most Valuable Player in it.

Just imagine what Stauback could do if he could read defenses. Namath is only a 50 per cent completion passer, including the numerous ones picked off by the defenses he reads so well.

James Ellis
Austin, Texas

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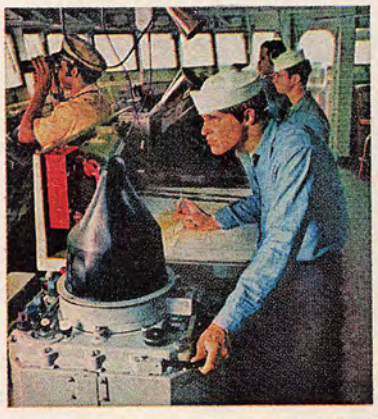

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BOX: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.

SPORT TALK

BY GENE SHALIT

TEAM	SPORT	LEAGUE	CITY
1. Falcons			
2. Condors			
3. Eagles			
4. Hawks (I)			
5. Hawks (II)			
6. Red Wings			
7. Cardinals			
8. Orioles			
9. Maple Leafs			
10. Flyers			
11. Penguins			
12. Seals			
13. Sharks			
14. Dolphins			
15. Whalers			
16. Nets			
17. Mets			
18. Jets (I)			
19. Jets (II)			
20. Sonics			
21. Pistons			
22. Rockets (I)			
23. Rockets (II)			
24. Broncos			
25. Colts			
26. Pacers			
27. Rangers (I)			
28. Rangers (II)			
29. Cowboys			
30. Indians			
31. Redskins			
32. Chiefs			
33. Warriors			
34. Braves (I)			
35. Braves (II)			
36. Arrows			
37. Raiders (I)			
38. Raiders (II)			
39. Bengals			
40. Tigers			
41. Lions			
42. Cougars (I)			
43. Cougars (II)			
44. Bears			
45. Cubs			
46. Bruins			
47. Rams			
48. Bulls			
49. Packers			
50. Bucks			
51. Oilers (I)			
52. Oilers (II)			
53. Steelers			
54. Pirates			
55. Bills			
56. Chargers			
57. Stars			
58. North Stars			
59. Suns			
60. Astros			
61. Nordiques			
62. Celtics			
63. Vikings			
64. Giants (I)			
65. Giants (II)			
66. 49ers			
67. 76ers			
68. Bullets			
69. Sabers			
70. Floridians			
71. Phillies			
72. Twins			
73. Athletics			
74. Tams			
75. Chaparrals			
76. Brewers			
77. Dodgers			
78. Browns			
79. Reds			
80. Red Sox			
81. White Sox			
82. Blues			
83. Blazers			
84. Trail Blazers			
85. Flames			
86. Nationals			
87. Patriots			
88. Yankees			
89. Colonels			
90. Squires			
91. Cavaliers			
92. Knickerbockers			
93. Kings (I)			
94. Kings (II)			
95. Royals			
96. Expos			
97. Canadiens			
98. Canucks			
99. Lakers			
100. Islanders			
101. Saints			
102. Fighting Saints			
103. Crusaders			
104. Conquistadors			
105. Padres			
106. Angels			

Mike: "Do you know the names of the teams in the ABA West or the WHA East?"

Ike: "No, I didn't go to graduate school."

Keeping up with the major-league professional teams that are dribbling, kicking, skating and running across the country can drive fans dizzy. So you think you're a terrific sports fan? You not only know the score, you know the teams?

Okay, take this test: Match the name of the team with the sport, the league and the city (subject to change without notice) they now represent.

Scoring Shalit's Sport Skull Session:

100 percent—I'm cleaning out my desk, you take over in the morning.

90 percent—You're spending too much time watching games. Go get a job.

80 percent—That's some slide rule you've got there! Imagine being able to calculate 80 percent of 106 names and coming out even.

70 to 30 percent—You're a normal, red-blooded American fan.

Zero to 20 percent—Hi, Uncle Moe, I didn't know you had a subscription to SPORT.

For extra amusement, read these names out loud in sequence. Some of them form funny patterns. Answers are on page 16.

On your mark, get ready, get set, cheat!

LIBBERS AND OTHERS

The coeds at William and Mary are wearing sweat shirts that read Mary and William. So don't be surprised if the gals at Ol' Miss change it to Ol' Ms. . . . In a recent $300,000 gold tournament in Japan, Billy Casper used a girl caddy, or cadet. . . . Nancy Witt, long-haired and pretty, has bought a minor-league football team in Colorado, the Lakewood Oilers, and she suits up for each game, wearing number 25, her age, on her jersey. She's legitimately padded. . . . Dave Distel has uncovered a girl (there, there, Dave) named Kitten Ellis who is having a love affair with a car (there, there, Kitty). A racing car. Kitten is an auto mechanic, who, we are told, "owns somewhere between five and a half and six and a half racing cars, depending on the state of re-

pair or disrepair her fleet happens to be in." She also races the cars (the cars always beat her, however), and she's been seriously fooling with cars since her Texas schooldays. She doesn't go much for women's lib. "In my opinion," says Kitten, "women's lib has gotten way off the track." Then there's Bettye Jean Bennett, a coed at Memphis State. She's majoring in physical education and being a football coach is her, uh, goal. . . . And surely you want to know all about Linda Treadway, whom I met when she was a contestant on *What's My Line* and none of us on the panel guessed her occupation. I mean she just didn't *look* like a trainer who would be in a college football team's locker room. But she is, and at age 22 she is the first trainer to work with the guys at West Chester State College in Pennsylvania. Lots of fellows are going out for the team who don't know first base. Says Linda: "The guys felt strange at the beginning." But I assume the more she felt them, the less strange they became. Only kidding, Linda. We all know you're running the only legitimate massage parlor in the country.

In Nice (rhymes with geese), France (rhymes with France), a dog stood in front of the goal just as a shot eluded the goalie. The goalie got so furious that he grabbed the dog and slammed it to the ground, knocking it out. At that, the *fans* got so angry that they mobbed the goalie and slammed *him* around so hard that they knocked him unconscious and he had to be carried off the field. According to Agency France Presse: "After medical treatment, the goalkeeper recovered to learn that sanctions were awaiting him. After a visit to the veterinary surgeon, the little white dog

Coach George Allen, leading the Redskins' cavalry, recommended *Patton* to his troops.

This is a stripped-down Subaru Station Wagon

Here's what you get:

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5. Whitewall radial tires with styled covers.
6. Rack and pinion steering.
7. MacPherson Strut front suspension.
8. 4-speed synchromesh transmission.
9. Tinted glass all around.
10. Economy—up to 30 mpg on regular.
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12. Undercoating and nylon carpeting.
13. Cigarette lighter.
14. Flow-through ventilation.
15. Heater and defroster.
16. Impact-absorbing steering wheel.
17. Bumpers that qualify for insurance discount.
18. Fire-retardant upholstery.
19. Recessed door locks.
20. Hatch & tailgate for height & low-lift loading.
21. Meets newest U.S. emission standards.
22. Adjustable heavy-duty suspension.
23. 12-month warranty.
24. Floor-to-dash center console.

This is a fully-equipped Subaru Station Wagon

Here's what you get:

1. Front wheel drive.
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3. 4-wheel independent suspension.
4. New 1400cc engine.
5. Whitewall radial tires with styled covers.
6. Rack and pinion steering.
7. MacPherson Strut front suspension.
8. 4-speed synchromesh transmission.
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trotted home with his mistress." I mention this just to point out that in France, even dogs have mistresses.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Last fall, Washington Redskins coach George Allen asked his players to watch *Patton* on the night before the game with the Falcons. The movie must have psyched up the players because they went out the next day and whacked the Falcons, 24-13. What with the huddles and all, it's a good thing Allen didn't tell them to watch *The Boys in the Band*.

CREAMED CHICKEN CHATTER

We're deep into the banquet season, when athletes are appearing at father and son dinners, smokers, booster luncheons and quarterback clubs telling their stories. If you haven't eaten creamed chicken lately, you haven't heard these:

Auburn University had been taking films of daily practices. The photographer is from Birmingham, Alabama, 120 miles from the Auburn campus. Every day he would film the workout, dash to Birmingham, develop the movie, and rush it back to the Auburn University campus for the coaches' meeting at 8 a.m. the next morning.

One day Shug Jordan the Auburn coach said, "This guy's killing himself. Let's cut his job down, and save ourselves some worry. We'll meet him halfway every morning."

So an exchange was worked out. Every day at seven, a car would pull up at a certain cross-roads. A package would be tossed to a man standing by with another car. The cars would roar off in opposite directions.

Neighbors reported the strange happenings to the police. One day as the exchange was made, four squad cars converged on the principals. Police came out, pistols drawn—visions of moonshine dancing under their caps.

Explanations were made, and the film was cleared when it proved to be shots of some young men playing an innocent game of football.

Football plays normally are measured in yards, but in this year's Bengal-Oakland game, the referee placed the ball six inches from the Oakland goal line. The Bengals lined up and ran the ball over the goal. The public address announcer said Doug Dressler had scored a Cincinnati touchdown on a six-inch run.

One man in the stands asked a friend, "How could a guy make a six-inch run?"

The friend answered, "After he broke in the open, they couldn't catch him."

SHOOTING FROM THE LIP

Earl Morall on Joe Namath: "I hope my kids and the younger generation don't grow up to be like him."

Howard Cosell: "I am ridiculously overpaid."

Norm Van Brocklin: "I'm old fashioned. I hate my enemies."

Shirley Darden, wife of the Browns' Tom Darden: "We can only sit in the stands and yell, when we'd really like to be down there on the field hitting someone."

Cedrick Hardman, 49er end: "If my own Mama lined up opposite me in a football uniform, I'd hit her with a forearm."

Rodeo star Larry Mahan: "I get these terrible feelings that my body is rejecting me."

Charles O. Finley, responding to comment that he is an ex-maverick: "I prefer to be known as a maverick."

Jim "King" Corcoran, former Maryland quarterback: "I still hold the record for being kicked off that team three times."

*** Answers to Quiz**

1. Falcons, Football, NFC, Atlanta; 2. Condors, Basketball, ABA, Pittsburgh; 3. Eagles, Football, NFC, Philadelphia; 4. Hawks (I), Hockey, NHL, Chicago; 5. Hawks (II), Basketball, NBA, Atlanta; 6. Red Wings, Hockey, NHL, Detroit; 7. Cardinals, Baseball, NL, St. Louis; 8. Orioles, Baseball, NL, Baltimore; 9. Maple Leafs, Hockey, NHL, Toronto; 10. Flyers, Hockey, NHL, Philadelphia; 11. Penguins, Hockey, NHL, Pittsburgh; 12. Seals, Hockey, NHL, California; 13. Sharks, Hockey, WHA, Los Angeles; 14. Dolphins, Football, AFC, Miami; 15. Whalers, Hockey, WHA, New England; 16. Nets, Basketball, ABA, New York; 17. Mets, Baseball, NL, New York; 18. Jets (I), Hockey, WHA, Winnipeg; 19. Jets (II), Football, AFC, New York; 20. Sonics, Basketball, NBA, Seattle; 21. Pistons, Basketball, NBA, Detroit; 22. Rockets (I), Basketball, ABA, Denver; 23. Rockets (II), Basketball, NBA, Houston; 24. Broncos, Football, AFC, Denver; 25. Colts, Football, AFC, Baltimore; 26. Pacers, Basketball, ABA, Indiana; 27. Rangers (I), Baseball, AL, Texas; 28. Rangers (II), Hockey, NHL, New York; 29. Cowboys, Football, NFC, Dallas; 30. Indians, Baseball, AL, Cleveland; 31. Redskins, Football, NFC, Washington; 32. Chiefs, Football, AFC, Kansas City; 33. Warriors, Basketball, NBA, Golden State; 34. Braves (I), Baseball, NL, Atlanta; 35. Braves (II), Basketball, NBA, Buffalo; 36. Arrows, Hockey, WHA, Houston; 37. Raiders (I), Hockey, WHA, New York; 38. Raiders (II), Football, AFC, Oakland; 39. Bengals, Football, AFC, Cincinnati; 40. Tigers, Baseball, AL, Detroit; 41. Lions, Football, NFC, Detroit; 42. Cougars (I), Hockey, WHA, Chicago; 43. Cougars (II), Basketball, ABA, Carolina; 44. Bears, Football, NFC, Chicago; 45. Cubs, Baseball, NL, Chicago; 46. Bruins, Hockey, NHL, Boston; 47. Rams, Football, NFC, Los Angeles; 48. Bulls, Basketball, NBA, Chicago; 49. Packers, Football, NFC, Green Bay; 50. Bucks, Basketball, NBA, Milwaukee; 51. Oilers (I), Hockey, WHA, Alberta; 52. Oilers (II), Football, AFC, Houston; 53. Steeler, Football, AFC, Pittsburgh; 54. Pirates, Baseball, NL, Pittsburgh; 55. Bills, Football, AFC, Buffalo; 56. Chargers, Football, AFC, San Diego; 57. Stars, Basketball, ABA, Utah; 58. North Stars, Hockey, NHL, Minnesota; 59. Suns, Basketball, NBA, Phoenix; 60. Astros, Baseball, NL, Houston; 61. Nordiques, Hockey, WHA, Quebec; 62. Celtics, Basketball, NBA, Boston; 63. Vikings, Football, NFC, Minnesota; 64. Giants (I), Football, NFC, New York; 65. Giants (II), Baseball NL, San Francisco; 66. 49ers, Football, NFC, San Francisco; 67. 76ers, Basketball, NBA, Philadelphia; 68. Bullets, Basketball, NBA, Baltimore; 69. Sabers, Hockey, NFL, Buffalo; 70. Floridians, Basketball, ABA, Florida; 71. Phillies, Baseball, NL, Philadelphia; 72. Twins, Baseball, AL, Minnesota; 73. Athletics, Baseball, AL, Oakland; 74. Tams, Basketball, ABA, Memphis; 75. Chaparrals, Basketball, ABA, Dallas; 76. Brewers, Baseball, AL, Milwaukee; 77. Dodgers, Baseball, NL, Los Angeles; 78. Browns, Football, AFC, Cleveland; 79. Reds, Baseball, NL, Cincinnati; 80. Red Sox, Baseball, AL, Boston; 81. White Sox, Baseball, AL, Chicago; 82. Blues, Hockey, NHL, St. Louis; 83. Blazers, Hockey, WHA, Philadelphia; 84. Trail Blazers, Basketball, NBA, Portland; 85. Flames, Hockey, NHL, Atlanta; 86. Nationals, Hockey, WHA, Ottawa; 87. Patriots, Football, AFC, Boston; 88. Yankees, Baseball, AL, New York; 89. Colonels, Basketball, ABA, Kentucky; 90. Squires, Basketball, ABA, Virginia; 91. Cavaliers, Basketball, NBA, Cleveland; 92. Knickerbockers, Basketball, NBA, New York; 93. Kings (I), Hockey, NHL, Los Angeles; 94. Kings (II), Basketball, NBA, Kansas City; 95. Royals, Baseball, AL, Kansas City; 96. Expos, Baseball, NL, Montreal; 97. Canadiens, Hockey, NL, Montreal; 98. Canucks, Hockey, NL, Vancouver; 99. Lakers, Basketball, NBA, Los Angeles; 100. Islanders, Hockey, NHL, New York; 101. Saints, Football, NFC, New Orleans; 102. Fighting Saints, Hockey, WHA, Minnesota; 103. Crusaders, Hockey, WHA, Cleveland; 104. Conquistadors, Basketball, ABA, San Diego; 105. Padres, Baseball, NL, San Diego; 106. Angels, Baseball, AL, California.

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The Sports Commissioners:

CZARS OR MUZHIKS?

BY HARVEY ARONSON

"The job is an anomaly; you're supposed to be both the master and the servant of the owners."

—Robert S. Carlson, after two and a half months as commissioner of the American Basketball Association.

Alvin Ray (Pete) Rozelle, Walter Kennedy, Bowie Kent Kuhn, Clarence Campbell and Robert S. Carlson are all high-salaried executives with arresting backgrounds. Rozelle played high school basketball with Duke Snider, and Kennedy used to be the mayor of Stamford, Connecticut. Kuhn once operated the scoreboard at Griffith Stadium in Washington, and Campbell once prosecuted a Nazi war criminal. And Carlson is a Harvard man with two daughters at Yale.

All five are in the entertainment business. Rozelle runs the National Football League, Kennedy heads the National Basketball Association, Kuhn oversees major-league baseball, Campbell administers the National Hockey League, and Carlson bosses the American Basketball Association. They are the lord high commissioners of professional sport. This makes them czars in headlines—and, sometimes, *muzhiks* in practice.

Czars, as everyone knows, were the men who ruled Russia before Lenin and Stalin made their Marx. The *muzhiks* were the peasants the lowest pre-revolutionary class. Neither czars nor *muzhiks* exist any longer in Russia—at least not by name—but they do exist in American professional sports. The commissioners are real—no matter how illusory they may sometimes appear.

Clarence Campbell lives, believe it or not. Hockey fans who have pelted Campbell with foreign objects have suspected this for some time, but some people prefer tamer sports like boxing and street-rioting and are not hockey fans.

When I assured myself of Campbell's reality, the rink chief, who headquarters in Montreal and was visiting New York, was ensconced in a private club on the sixth floor of Madison Square Garden—an area protected by a major-domo in a black suit and inaccessible to the general public. This was the day the Oakland Athletics won the American League pennant. I remember that because a man in banker's gray came over to Campbell and said, "Well, Charlie won the pennant." Charlie is Charles O. Finley, who not only owns the Athletics and the Memphis Tams of the American Basketball Association, but also owns the California Golden Seals of the National Hockey League. That should tell you something about the world in which sports commissioners function.

I got another glimpse of the commissioner's world last fall when four of them appeared at a joint press conference in Manhattan with representatives of the National District Attorneys Association to express their opposition to legalized gambling in professional sport. As Red Smith summed up in The New York *Times* the next day, the commissioners' group could have been called "Czars Against Sin." As Smith said, "Nowhere this side of the College of Cardinals could you encounter more solid righteousness. . . ." Only Campbell—who was in Moscow watching Team Canada hang in against the Russians—was missing, and he was represented by NHL Vice President Don Ruck. The press conference was held in the chandeliered, oriental-carpeted Empire Terrace of the Plaza Hotel. It had overtones of a bar-mitzvah cocktail hour, and also reminded me of some of the bashes Nelson Rockefeller held in the Hotel Ambassador in California when he was running for the Republican presidential nomination against Barry Goldwater.

Nobody in attendance was what you would call sensational—including the sportswriters, many of whom disgraced themselves by freeloading on clams, midget hotdogs and whiskey at 11:30 in the morning. The only commissioners who were at all impressive were Rozelle and Carlson. A few minutes before the conference started, Rozelle was tapped to make an introductory speech on behalf of his colleagues. He spoke off-the-cuff and sounded much better than a district attorney who read a prepared address. Rozelle also came off well handling questions. "I heard your statement," he told one writer. "What's the question?" Carlson stood out because he was the only commissioner who never said a word. When I asked why weeks later, he grinned. "Nobody asked me any questions," he said.

If you need solid proof of commissioner corporeity, you could ask former football players Alex Karras and Paul Hornung, who were suspended for the 1963 season by Pete Rozelle for betting on games. Or for a different slant, you could ask Jim Bouton, the sportscaster-pitcher, about Bowie Kuhn. Bouton was still in the majors when Kuhn called him on the carpet for some of the irreverencies contained in Bouton's book, *Ball Four*. After the reprimand, the book went on to become a bestseller. Asked about Kuhn's power, Bouton goes right for the inside corner. "Kuhn has the power to call you into his office," he says. "He has the power to sell books."

Power is a key word in assessing commissioners of any kind—from sports to sanitation. One prob-

Bowie Kuhn (seated, left), Walter Kennedy (center) and an NHL representative listen to Pete Rozelle denounce gambling.

CZARS OR MUZHIKS?

CONTINUED

lem for today's sports incumbents is that they're inevitably measured against the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis, absolute ruler of professional baseball from 1920 until his death in 1944. The rub is that Landis, a federal judge known for his inability to take guff, was brought in to resurrect baseball in the wake of the fixed World Series of 1919, which is better known in the annals of crime and sport as the Black Sox Scandal. Things were so bad that the sport's owners would have accepted Attila the Hun to save their franchises, and they gave Landis the total authority he demanded. Nothing was written down; Landis simply threatened to quit whenever the owners balked. The result was an autocracy that has never happened since in any professional team sport—especially baseball, where most of Landis' successors showed all the strength of settling Jello. For the most part, a commissioner's power is bounded by his league's owners. They hire him and pay him, and a majority of them can fire him.

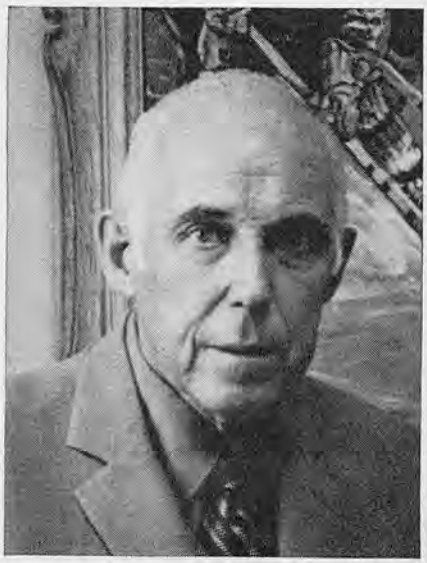
Which leads to a couple of perspectives. The one that most players might agree with is expressed by Manhattan attorney Lawrence Fleisher, counsel for pro basketball's Players Association. It's not so much the commissioners that bother Fleisher, who likes NBA chief Kennedy and speaks well of ABA boss Carlson, with whom he went to school. It's their job. "I think the job of a commissioner is an impossible job in any sport," he says, "since the full power and authority reside in the owners. I see no indication that when their own self-interest is involved that they the owners, would give up this power to an employee."

The perspective that most commissioners might agree with is expressed by Rozelle, who prefers to see himself as everybody's marshal. Or as he explained on television's *Face The Nation*: "I feel the role of the commissioner . . . is to, by pushing policies, by persuasion, to attempt to achieve as much balance as he can for the interest of the players, the fans . . . and the club owners. If any one of those three entities has too much, and in many cases each will want to have as much as he can without sharing the burden, you have a breakdown in your self-government."

This sort of dialectic has a statesmanlike ring and enables Rozelle to defend football's draft-and-option system as an aid to stability. "The players would like total freedom, that's human nature," he said during an interview in his Park Avenue office, where he quarterbacks a two-floor operation. "But if you did that, the other two entities would get terribly hurt." As an owner sacrifice, he cited the fact that franchises can only be sold to individuals; the league does not allow public stock offerings or sales to corporations, both of which could be more profitable.

He used another variation of this sacrifice defense recently when he appeared before a Senate subcommittee to support the TV blackout of local games. Lift the blackout, he said, and the eventual dip in gate receipts might mean that "in a period of a few years time there would be no such thing as a sellout and therefore no local television." There was also a "real risk" of football going the way of boxing and dying from too much TV. The message was as clear as the Liberty Bell; fans should be willing to give up local telecasts for the game they love. (It might be mentioned that Rozelle's blackout position ran contrary to that of the nation's foremost play-charter, President Nixon. One point here is that politicians enjoy messing

Legal work for a dress manufacturer led Robert Carlson to his ABA position.



Clarence Campbell, commissioner of the NHL, once prosecuted a Nazi war criminal.

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CZARS OR MUZHIKS?

CONTINUED

around in sports. Another is that a President is not quite the same as a team owner; commissioners have stood up to chief executives before. Campbell, for instance, barred league-jumpers Bobby Hull and J. C. Tremblay from playing for Team Canada despite the remonstrances of millions of non-franchise-owning Canadians, including Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.)

The members of the New Orleans franchise are the only saints in the NFL. And Rozelle's salary is paid by league owners as are those of other commissioners. (None of the czars qualify for welfare; Campbell's annual pay is reported in the high five-figure bracket, while the others are in six figures.) But the slim, dapper football commissioner—he looks like someone you saw in a New York *Times* haberdashery supplement—does take stands. Last May, he reprimanded Washington Redskins coach George Allen and fined the team a maximum $5000 for two cases involving players Allen had acquired with draft choices he'd already given up. Rozelle says he has also fined owners "thousands and thousands" for detrimental public comments and violations of league regulations. The feeling of most critics (a synonym for sportswriters) is that Rozelle is the strongest and most effective commissioner.

There are contributing factors. One is that he followed a strong commissioner in the late Bert Bell. Another is that football owners are more collectivist than their counterparts in other pro sports—especially basketball, where management has always tended to resemble a good block party. And the third is Rozelle himself. No executive's power is fully defined on paper. It comes down to his force of will, his persuasiveness, his ability to get what he wants done. This goes triple for sports commissioners, whose bosses are like most newspaper owners—they're used to getting their own way and they have enough money to buy big hobbies. Up close, Rozelle impresses one as smooth on the outside and hard on the inside like a fist in a leather glove. He can be charming without slopping over into heartiness, and you sense the wheels turning. Finally, Rozelle, who is 46 and has been on the job for 12 years, has a winning record.

He has a properly modest explanation: "I was fortunate enough in that problems arose early that were resolved." One was setting up a unified television policy, under which all NFL games could be booked through a single contract with one network. This involved clarifying all the existing contracts and getting enabling legislation through Congress. Another problem was the betting scandal, in which Rozelle established his authority by suspending Karras and Hornung and fining the Detroit Lions $4000. Then he bucked club owners when Pete Gogolak, who had played out his option with Buffalo in the upstart American Football League, signed with the Giants as a free agent. "A majority of the clubs wanted me to disallow the contract," Rozelle says. "They were afraid it would intensify the talent battle between the leagues. But I knew I couldn't; it would have been all we needed to have Congress all over us." Later, he engineered the NFL-AFL merger, which also necessitated congressional blessing. In 1970, he got more money out of the TV networks. And as all followers of pop drama know, he stood firm against a tearful Joe Namath a few years ago and made the Jet quarterback sell his interest in a Broadway saloon.

Firmness may be what separates Rozelle from the other czars. For example, he kept football's owners in his office for nearly 36 hours until they were able to agree on how to merge into two 13-team conferences. Later, when the National Conference teams went through four meetings without deciding how to form divisions, Rozelle put five possible plans into a bowl and had his secretary pick one. It was adopted. Also, he was visibly effective two years ago in helping bring about settlement of a players' strike before the season opened. (This is somewhat in contrast to last spring's baseball botch, in the course of which Bowie Kuhn was criticized for inaction and later claimed he had been busy behind the scenes; one writer said the strike never would have occurred if Bowie Kuhn were alive.) Rozelle's worst moment—and decision—came when he ordered NFL teams to stick to their schedules the Sunday following the assassination of President Kennedy.

Rozelle is divorced, and lives in New York with his 14-year-old daughter, Anna Marie. He grew up in a Los Angeles suburb, which is where he played forward alongside Duke Snider. Other background notes are that Rozelle is a Navy veteran, attended the University of San Francisco, and served as publicity director and then general manager of the Los Angeles Rams before being picked as NFL commissioner. That was in 1960; the

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CZARS OR MUZHIKS?

CONTINUED

league's owners elected Mr. Rozelle as a compromise choice on the 23rd ballot.

There was no such protracted voting in 1963, when the then-nine owners of the National Basketball Association picked Walter Kennedy —a Notre Dame graduate, two-term mayor of his native Stamford, Connecticut, and the first secretary of the National Board of Directors of Little League—as their new commissioner. Kennedy had served as the league's first public relations director from 1946 to 1951, when it was formed as the Basketball Association of America by a group of men who owned hockey arenas and were looking for a second sport. Those were the days when guards still used the two-handed set and Kennedy's predecessor, Maurice Podoloff, wined and dined writers at luncheonettes.

Even when Kennedy took over, the league was still something of a carnival. But he had the experience for it. Along with his previously-listed accomplishments, he had been a social worker, a prep school basketball coach, a textbook publisher, a public relations consultant to the Harlem Globetrotters, the director of his own public relations firm and a campaign manager for Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Besides that, he had also married and fathered three children.

In 1963, there were just the nine NBA teams, virtually no league telecasts, and almost no player relations. Now there are 17 teams, a network TV "Game of The Week," and an aggressive Players Association that must be dealt with constantly. (One of Kennedy's best moves was the appointment of a legal aide, administrative assistant Si Gourdine, who deals with player counsel Fleisher on a day-to-day basis.) And on paper, 58-year-old Walter Kennedy is the most powerful commissioner in sports. This came to pass last winter when in a landmark show of unanimity, the league owners gave him unprecedented constitutional authority. The new powers include the right to fine a club $250,000 for tampering with a player under contract to another NBA club, unappealable jurisdiction over disputes between clubs, and similar authority in any situation not covered by the rules.

But a paper tiger is not necessarily a terror, and so far the NBA chief has managed to hold himself in check. It's difficult to think of Kennedy fining someone a quarter of a million dollars, although he has said he wouldn't hesitate if tampering were proven. It's true that he has fined three clubs $5000 each for failure to show up for games on time. But it's also true that for two years in a row, he seems to have overlooked threatened penalties against NBA players who took part in the unsanctioned All-Star game with the ABA. And there's his reputation to consider; in the words of one commissioner-watcher, "Kennedy is the most human." Or to quote sports columnist Jim Murray, "Kennedy has virtues not commonly associated with the Irish—patience, even temper, abstemious habits and a serene belief that everything will work out for the best." By his own description, Kennedy is a low-keyed type whose method is "to talk out problems, to resolve problems without emotion and anger and publicity."

He offers this self-analysis in his 23rd-floor Penn Plaza office across from Madison Square Garden. He also says he doesn't buy the charges that commissioners naturally favor owners, and he offers the folowing anecdote which he says will answer a lot of questions:

"In January, 1964, the NBA All-Star game was being held in Boston. That morning, I met with Tom Heinsohn, then president of the Player Association, and Larry Fleisher, and agreed to implement a pension program that we had discussed. They said they'd had promises before, so I said, 'Well, I'll put it in writing.' I put it in writing on a lined yellow pad, and I signed it. That was about 11:30 a.m. At 5:30 p.m. my wife came to the shower door in our motel room and said five players wanted to see me. I went out wrapped in a towel. They said they weren't going to play unless all the owners came to the East team dressing room and agreed to the plan in writing. I said I committed the owners. They said, 'Well, we want them or we won't play.' The game, incidentally, was going to be on national TV after two years of being off. I called two or three owners, and they said, 'Didn't you commit us?' I said 'Yes.' So they said there was no reason for them to come. I went to the dressing room at the appointed time and told the players they were questioning my integrity. They asked me to leave while they held a vote. Then Bob Short, who owned Los Angeles, showed up and started pounding on the dressing room door. I told him, 'Get away or I'll fine you.' Then, the Knick general manager, Fred Podesta, showed up, and I wouldn't let him into the anteroom by the dressing room. Finally, the players called me in and said they'd agreed. They wouldn't question my integrity, but they expected the plan to be honored and they'd watch carefully."

Kennedy pauses. "If ever the time came to cave in," he explains. "That would have (*Continued on page* 94)

DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE...

JOE FULKS

Some things seem to come naturally; they look natural, too. Like the jump-shot for instance—that modern offensive weapon guaranteed to bring any basketball crowd to its feet. Some men have devoted their best years to mastering the art and have developed a jump-and-hit consistency that's uncanny. Rick Barry, for one. (See page 67). But not too long ago, say around the time pro basketball came of age with the founding of the NBA (1946-47), the jump-shot was virtually unknown.

But in that first NBA season, an ex-Marine named Joe Fulks signed with the Philadelphia Warrior franchise and introduced the jumper into the pro game.

And when he connected on enough of them to lead the league in scoring his rookie year, Fulks made scores of converts.

He had developed the shot at Murray State College in Kentucky. "While I was playing in the service league, the pros noticed my jump-shooting," says Fulks. "We had literally dozens of All-Americas playing in those leagues at the time, and that's when I found out that I could play with the best in the country."

That first year in the NBA, Joe was the best in the country. Fulks never repeated as scoring leader in his eight-year pro career with the Warriors, but three other seasons found him among the top ten. In fact, for more than a decade he held the records for the best single-game shooting performances in history until the art filtered down to men like Elgin Baylor.

At first, though, despite Fulks' immediate dominance, none of his opponents pressured him for his secrets. "Nobody said anything to me about the jumper," he says, "because they all thought I was too unorthodox."

With time, the skepticism faded—but so did Joe Fulks. He retired from the NBA in 1954, and moved his family back to Kentucky, back to hunting and fishing country where he still enjoys life today. He's worked as a production supervisor for the GAF Corporation all these years while raising his two sons and two daughters.

INSIDE FACTS

BY ALLAN ROTH

If Nate Archibald maintains his sensational early-season scoring and playmaking pace for the Kansas City-Omaha Kings, he could become the first player in NBA history to lead the league in points and in assists average (70 games minimum) in the same season. . . . Last year, in his sophomore season in the league, he was a contender in both departments, finishing second in scoring (behind Kareem Abdul-Jabbar), and third in assists (behind Jerry West and Lenny Wilkens).

In addition to Archibald last season, three other players in NBA history have finished in the top three in scoring and in assists in the same season; Oscar Robertson performed the feat seven times, Bob Cousy (Archibald's coach) four times and Wilt Chamberlain twice. . . . . Nine times in NBA history, the leading playmaker has finished in the top three in scoring, but the scoring leader has never ranked among the top three in assists.

Two players have led the NBA in assists and finished second in scoring that season, Bob Cousy in 1953-54, and Oscar Robertson in 1963-64. . . . Robertson ranks as the all-time leader in combining scoring and playmaking ability, owning the best assists record in league history (9.9 per game, prior to current season), together with the third-best scoring average (27.5 points per game) among five-year players. . . . Wilt Chamberlain and Jerry West are the only players who have ever led the NBA in both scoring and assists, although not in the same year. . . . Chamberlain led in scoring seven times and in assists once. . . . West has led once in each department.

On eight of the 17 NBA clubs last season, the team leader in scoring also was tops in assists. . . . In addition to Archibald, the other dual leaders were Archie Clark (Baltimore), John Havlicek (Boston), John Johnson (Cleveland), Jeff Mullins (Golden State), Kareem Abdul-Jabbar (Milwaukee), Walt Frazier (New York) and Billy Cunningham (Philadelphia). . . . The league's record streak of dual leadership belongs to Oscar Robertson, who led Cincinnati in both points and assists in every one of his ten seasons with the club.

If Archibald leads the league in scoring this season, he will become only the fourth guard ever to do this. . . . Max Zaslofsky led in 1947-48, Dave Bing in 1967-68, and Jerry West in 1969-70. . . . In recent years, guards have become more prominent in the scoring races, and last season the top scorer on seven of the 17 NBA clubs was a guard.

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David Condon — *Chicago Tribune*

This book captures the full flavor of the man, the philosophies that work in life and the philosophies that work on the court. I commend it to people who want to succeed at either — or both.

Jim Murray — *Los Angeles Times*

THEY CALL ME COACH

AS TOLD TO JACK TOBIN

"I want continuous upward effort based on emotional control." That's part of a Wooden philosophy that has helped mold men of all sizes and shapes into champions, possessed with the famous Wooden tempo.

THEY CALL ME COACH traces the career of college basketball's most successful coach from the dirt court of a small Indiana grammar school through his own accomplishments as an All American guard to the championship teams that have rocked the sports world.

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WORD books

PAUL HEMPHILL'S AMERICA

Word came the other day that Mr. Perry P. (The Great Yoga) Glass had died of a heart attack in Miami, and it came as a genuine loss to that tight knot of us with the good humor to regard him as something more than a pain in the ass. No longer will we be treated with the spectacle of Mr. Glass standing on his head atop the dugout at Atlanta Stadium. No longer will the Supreme Court be receiving livid petitions complaining of major-league baseball clubs' reluctance to grant a tryout to the world's only ambidextrous 69-year-old headstanding relief pitcher. No longer will there be those curious packages in the mail, addressed to his "press agent, personal manager, career advisor," containing such remarkable gifts as picture postcards of every hotel on Collins Avenue. "It was a sudden thing with Perry," wrote Yetta, the wife of The Great Yoga. He could have left us no other way.

Mr. Glass burst onto the Atlanta sports scene seven years ago, on an evening when a $25-a-plate sports banquet was being thrown to honor Sandy Koufax and others at a downtown motel. Retired postal workers cannot afford to spend $25 on dinner, but Mr. Glass figured he could charm them into a place at the table. He showed up early that night—a gnarled gnome in a frayed brown tweed suit, carrying a brown sack full of clippings which he intended to personally deliver to Sandy Koufax—and the trouble began almost immediately. Just as everyone was sitting down, Mr. Glass broke for the head table but was stopped when a heavy hand hooked his shoulder and a Braves Booster said, "Hey, old man, you got a ticket?"

"What do you mean, 'old man'?" said Mr. Glass. "Can you stand on your head?"

"Well, no, but that's got nothing to do with it."

"I just want to see Sandy."

"Beat it. You'll wreck the place."

Mr. Glass was so frustrated, he stood on his head. Three hours later he was still sitting in a wing-backed chair in the lobby outside the dining hall, his brown bag in his lap, trying very hard not to hate the Atlanta Braves. And the Braves thought all their problems were in Milwaukee.

That was the beginning of the most exasperating year Mr. Perry P. Glass ever spent on this earth. Back during World War I he had been a bullpen catcher for the old Atlanta Crackers of the Southern Association, immediately following a brief career as a Golden Gloves flyweight, and it had been difficult for him to forget the smell of leather and the sight of bright green infield grass and the sound of belligerent baseball crowds. Barely a month after the banquet he was not allowed to attend, he called me on the phone. He had written Bobby Bragan, then manager of the Braves, regarding a tryout. The Braves were opening spring training the next day in West Palm Beach, but Bragan had not yet responded to his proposal. Maybe we ought to get in shape, in case Bragan contacted him. So the next day we went out to a city park, where Mr. Glass handed me a wrinkled old catcher's mitt ("It's the same one I used when I was with the Crackers") and for two hours we had our spring training: One hour of Mr. Glass throwing with his right hand, followed by one hour of Mr. Glass throwing with his left hand. He topped it all off with ten minutes of standing on his head, he having recently discovered the miraculous powers of Yoga.

The season started. The Braves' pitching went straight to hell. Bragan continued not to respond to Mr. Glass' regular pleas for an opportunity. Mr. Glass wrote the Braves' top executive, who responded by granting Mr. Glass a child's pass to all games "since you are obviously in your second childhood." Mr. Glass used the pass and burst past the ushers so he could stand on his head atop the dugout. The Braves banned him from Atlanta Stadium. Mr. Glass wrote the commissioner of baseball, and the presidents of both leagues, and finally the Supreme Court. A writer named Paul Hemphill wrote about all of this in the Atlanta papers, and was promptly invited to lunch so the Braves could explain their position on the matter of Mr. Perry P. (The Great Yoga) Glass. "I'm giving them until the All-Star break to call," Mr. Glass said one day, "and then I put the hex on 'em."

When it was all done, Mr. Glass never got any closer to the Braves than the top of their dugout. But he gained a measure of revenge that fall, after the season, when the local elections were held. Reading the paper one day, he saw that the man who had chased him away from the Koufax banquet had "thrown his support" to a certain candidate. He called the candidate's opponent and introduced himself, saying he had the full and active support of The Great Yoga. For weeks, Mr. Glass walked all over town—to shopping centers, to department stores, to barber shops—spreading nasty rumors about the man he was trying to get defeated. When the results of the election came in, the candidate Mr. Glass disliked had lost by 44 votes.

"How many relatives do you have?" he was asked the next day.

"I don't know. Fifty, maybe 75."

"My God, Mr. Glass, you're a Kingmaker."

"A what?"

"A Kingmaker. A big man in history."

He stood on his head in the corner of his apartment and thought it over. "No," he said when the blood ran back out to his legs. "Just a baseball fan. I hope the Braves learned their lesson this time."

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THE SPORT QUIZ!

THIS MONTH'S QUIZ MASTER

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GRADE YOURSELF
15-16 EXCELLENT
13-14 VERY GOOD
11-12 FAIR

1. Who holds the NFL record for most points scored in a game (40)?
a. Gale Sayers
b. Paul Hornung
c. Ernie Nevers
d. Beattie Feathers

2. One of these players was never the NBA Rookie of the Year.
a. Oscar Robertson
b. Earl Monroe
c. Rick Barry
d. Jerry West

3. He is one of the five active players who has won the NBA's Most Valuable Player award.
a. Nate Thurmond
b. Wes Unseld
c. Jerry West
d. John Havlicek

4. This NBA team holds the record for most points scored in one game (173).
a. Bucks
b. Lakers
c. Celtics
d. 76ers

5. The NFL record for most passes completed in a season belongs to:
a. Sonny Jurgensen
b. Joe Namath
c. Johnny Unitas
d. Sammy Baugh

6. He fouled out of 127 NBA games, a career record.

a. Vern Mikkelsen
b. Paul Arizin
c. Bailey Howell
d. Hal Greer

7. True or False: After Gene Tunney defeated Jack Dempsey for the second time in 1927, he never fought again.

8. Match these coaches with their schools:

Bob Devaney	Alabama
Paul Bryant	Missouri
Al Onofria	USC
John McKay	Nebraska

9. Which player holds the ABA record for most three-point field goals in a season?
a. Charlie Scott
b. Louie Dampier
c. Rick Barry

10. He holds the NFL record for most fumbles in a career.
a. Johnny Unitas
b. Jack Kemp
c. Don Meredith

11. This basketball team led major colleges in fewest points allowed per game in 1971-2.
a. Marquette
b. Minnesota
c. UCLA

12. The only NHL rookie ever to score hat-tricks in consecutive games is:
a. Gil Perreault
b. Gordie Howe
c. Steve Vickers
d. Phil Esposito

13. Which horse never lost a race?
a. Man O'War
b. Colin
c. Citation

14. Match the team with the stadium it used to play in.

Cincinnati	Griffith Stadium
Philadelphia	Briggs Stadium
Detroit	Shibe Park
Washington	Crosley Field

15. He led the NBA in free-throw percentage for 1971-72.
a. Calvin Murphy
b. Chet Walker
c. Jack Marin

16. He won four consecutive PGA titles.
a. Sam Snead
b. Jack Nicklaus
c. Arnold Palmer

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 102

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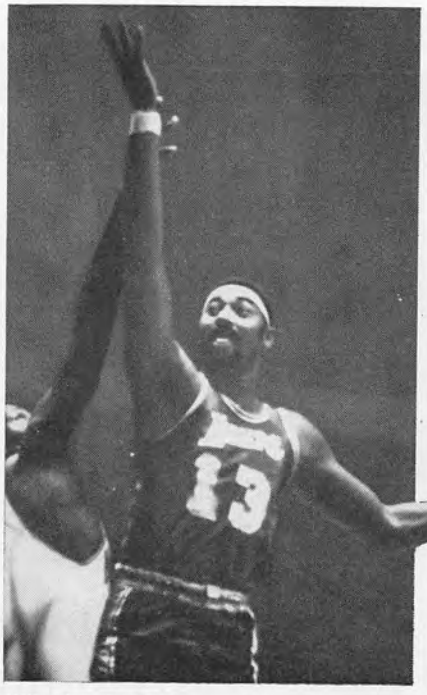
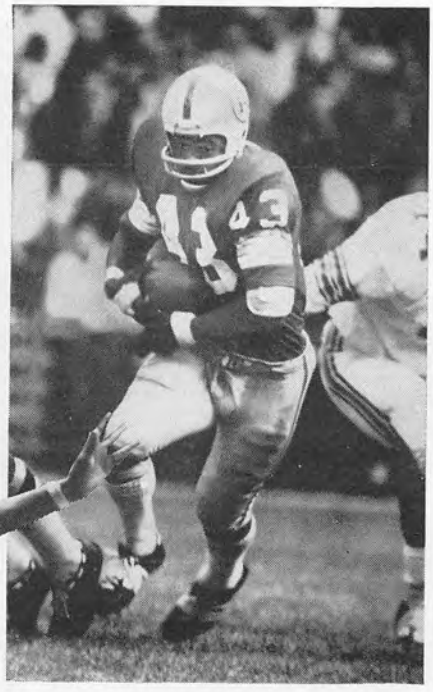
SPORT
FEBRUARY

THE TOP PERFORMERS OF 1972

Steve Carlton



Wilt Chamberlain



Larry Brown

The contest to determine SPORT's Performer of the Year in 1972 was fought out over a one-week span. Late in August and early in September, Mark Spitz became the first man ever to win seven gold medals in an Olympic Games. On the first day of September, Bobby Fischer became the first American ever to win the official chess championship of the world.

Clearly, each man was not only the Performer of the Year in his field; he was the performer of all-time. The question then was which of the two deserved to be singled out. We eliminated one criterion very quickly: Which man would be more grateful for the honor? Neither Mark nor Bobby was going to win any award on the basis of humility.

Ultimately, our decision was that Bobby Fischer would be the Performer of the Year in almost any year except this one: What Spitz had accomplished in Munich was simply too overwhelming, too Herculean. The young swimmer from California had not only won seven gold medals; he had set or helped set world records in each of his seven races.

Mark Spitz then, is our Performer of the Year, while **Bobby Fischer** wins the award for the sport of chess. Here are the Top Performers in other fields:

BASEBALL: **Steve Carlton.** His feat—winning 25 games for the last-place Philadelphia Phillies—was miraculous.

PRO FOOTBALL: **Larry Brown.** The 1972 season was the Year of the Runner in pro football, and Larry Brown was *the* runner of runners.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL: **Rich Glover.** This award could have gone to Glover's teammate, Johnny Rodgers, or to Glover's Big Eight rival, Greg Pruitt, but, of the three, Glover seemed the most solid football player.

PRO BASKETBALL: **Wilt Chamberlain.** Wilt wrapped up a title for Los Angeles and this honor for himself in the playoffs.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL: **Bill Walton.** The big man on the big team is a fairly good bet to capture this award at least two years in a row, maybe three.

HOCKEY. **Phil Esposito.** A superstar in the regular season, he was also the top player in the Team Canada-U.S.S.R. series.

GOLF: **Jack Nicklaus.** Like Fischer and Spitz, Nicklaus is the best of all-time in his sport—and, in 1972, he had his finest year.

TENNIS: **Billie Jean King.** If Ilie Nastase had been able to bring the Davis Cup to Romania, he might have beaten out Mrs. King.

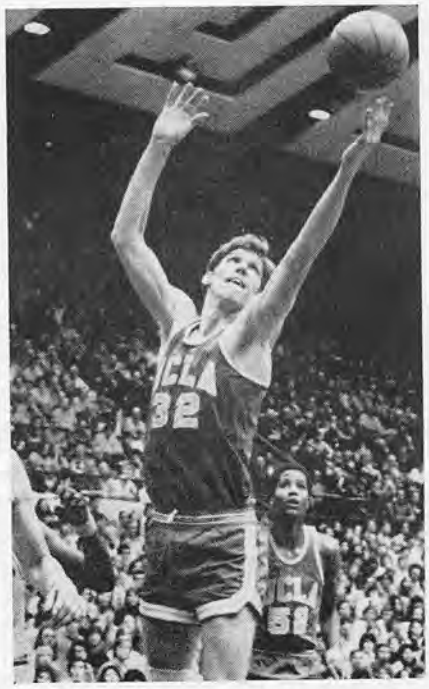
AUTO RACING: **Emerson Fittipaldi.** The Brazilian star was the youngest world champion in the history of Grand Prix racing.

BOXING: **Muhammad Ali.** Roberto Duran was the favorite until he ran into Esteban DeJesus. That left Ali on top by a TKO.

TRACK AND FIELD: **Frank Shorter.** Johnny Hayes won the Olympic marathon in 1908, and 64 years went by until another American—Shorter—won the marathon.

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR: **Carlton Fisk** and **Franco Harris.** In a vintage year—a catcher and a rusher stood out.

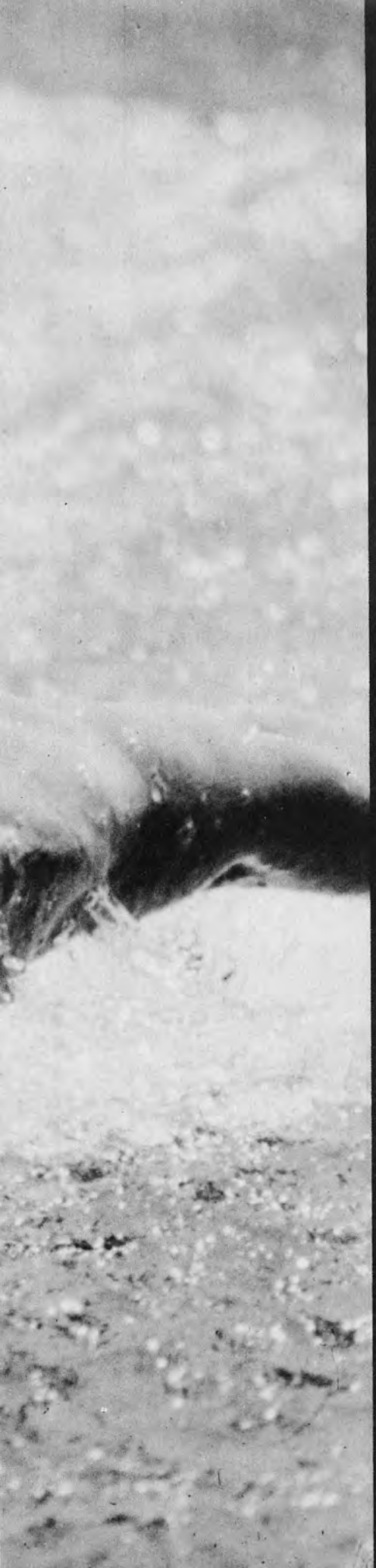
HORSE RACING: **Secretariat.** At the age of two, he is, by a good margin, the youngest of our Top Performers of 1972.



Bill Walton

Billie Jean King

Jack Nicklaus



SPORT'S 26TH ANNUAL AWARD

PERFORMER OF THE YEAR: MARK SPITZ

Fish Out Of Water

BY PAUL HEMPHILL

The cab driver taking me from the Los Angeles airport to a motel in Hollywood, a handsome black fellow from Chicago, speaks with flip sarcasm when he calls California "the promised land." Four years earlier, he says, he was divorced and wanted to get away from it all. He took a $20 bill to a craps game and parlayed it into $1800, won from an old prizefighter named Kid Rivera. "I thought he gonna kill me, so I threw 75 one-dollar bills in the air and while they were fighting for 'em I split." California has been all right, he says without conviction. He has a surrealistic apartment in Hollywood, nobody cares what color you are, and when he feels the need for female company he simply cruises in his cab until he finds a freaked-out young teeny-bopper hitching a ride on Sunset Boulevard.

"Say you writing a story?" he says.

"Trying to. Mark Spitz."

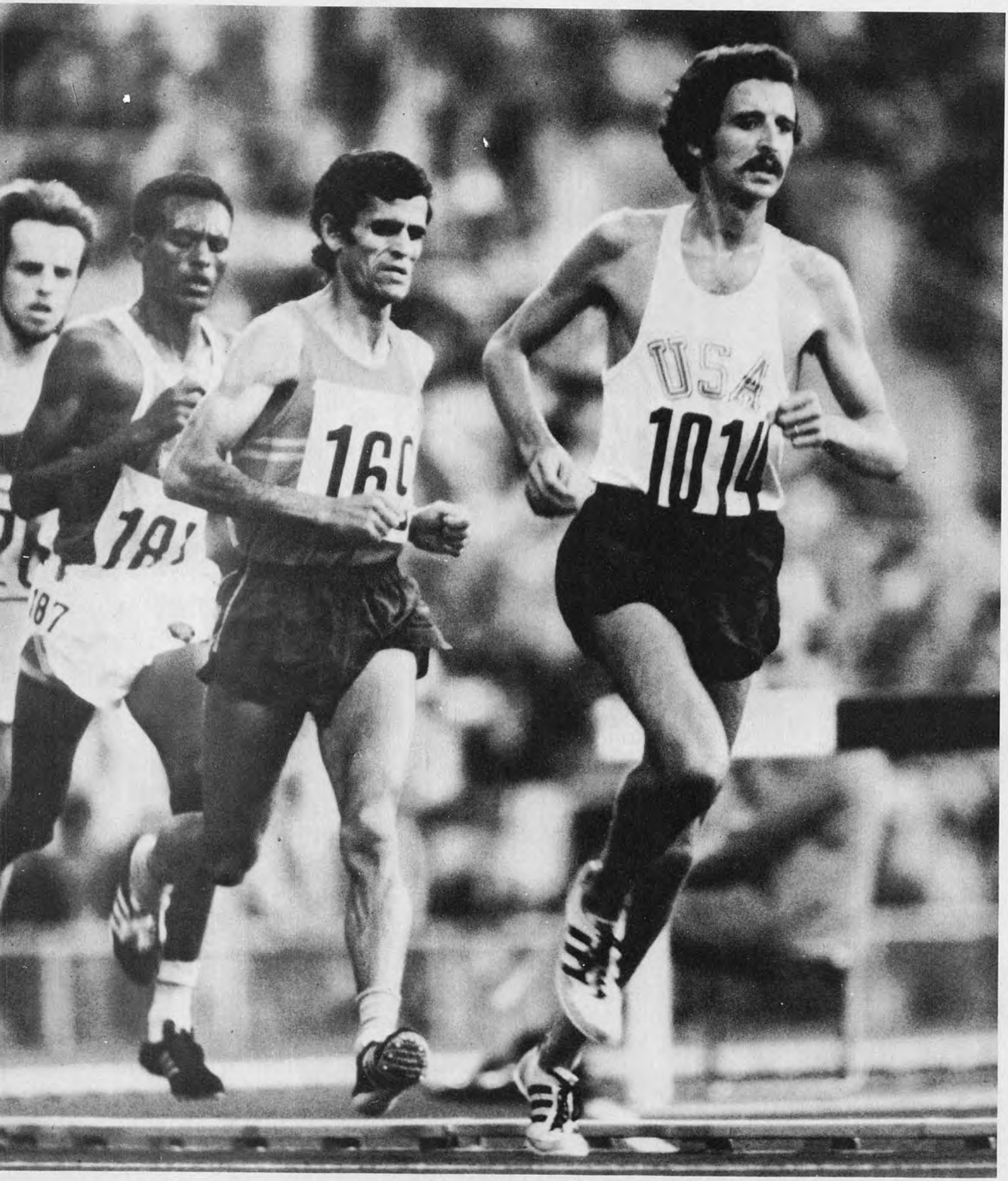
"The cat that swim? The medal winner?"

"Right."

"Cat better hide them medals."

"How's that?"

"People crazy out here," he says, blowing through the incredible traffic on Santa Monica Boulevard. "Nobody got roots. Nobody give a damn. Other day I picked up this old lady, about 73, and she say, 'Mind if I smoke?' (*Continued on page* 90)


USA
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187

VICTORY IS OURS IN THE MARATHON, HE CRIED, AND WENT BACK TO LAW SCHOOL

BY JOHN PARKER

An Elliott Gould moustache decorated his upper lip, and as he jogged 26 miles, 385 yards through the Bavarian countryside, his heart was pumping blood fortified with German draught beer. He had trained alone for this event in the mountains of Colorado and on an Indian reservation in New Mexico. He had worn an Indian headband, his hair touching halfway down his neck. Now his hair wasn't so long, but he had cut it for comfort, not compromise.

"Everyone's always trying to hassle you with rules," he once said. "They say, 'No, no, not that way. Do it my way.' I say I'm good. I'll do it the way I want."

At Munich, Frank Shorter sidestepped the rivalries and red-tape that entangled his teammates. He refused to be snared by defeat. As a result, he became the first American to win the Olympic marathon in 64 years—and he did it *his* way.

Shorter has made a habit of marching to a different drummer. For example, how many Yale graduates who have spent most of their undergraduate careers finishing second in anonymous Ivy League races decide to drop out of medical school and enter law school while pursuing careers as marathoners?

"A lot of people I've met have the 'if only' blues," Shorter said when he quit medical school in 1970 at the age of 24. " 'If only I could train harder, if only I could have trained more. . . .' That's what they say. I have to zero in on one thing. I know maybe I won't make it, but then I won't be saying to myself, 'If only. . . .' "

From that moment on, Shorter concentrated on winning the Olympic marathon. A gold medal was the goal that would justify his existence. But to make the game interesting, he built a catch-22 into the ground rules: He would achieve his goal without surrendering one iota of independence in thought and lifestyle.

One element of that lifestyle is a preference for good beer. Beer drinking is anathema to conventional training techniques, so Shorter had to make a choice. He dropped the conventional training techniques. Even more sinful in the eyes of the U.S. track establishment, he wouldn't justify his vice as either beneficial or necessary to winning long distance races.

"I suppose you could rationalize distance runners drinking beer," he says, taking time out from his law studies at the University of Florida to empty a stein in a local pub. "You know—carbohydrates, plenty of water, calories. But actually, I just *like* it."

In fact, Shorter rejects all victory formulas. "You get writers who think there's some kind of magic formula and they want to be the first to tell the world how to do it," he says. "What's the secret? Yogurt? Vitamins? Maybe, I don't know. But I'll tell you one thing: You don't run 26 miles at five minutes a mile on good looks and a secret recipe."

The marathon is the most gruelling event in sports. It has been ever since its inception—when an Athenian named Pheidippedes ran the 26 miles from Marathon to Athens to spread the news of a victory over the invading Persians. As a Greek historian reported Pheidippedes' feat: " 'Victory is ours at Marathon,' he cried—and fell dead."

Few marathoners since Pheidippedes have been willing to quite match that sort of all-out effort, but the ingredients of the event are still guts, determination and self-sacrifice. The event is still a "trial by pain"—which in Shorter's case is increased by chronic water-on-the-knee, weak arches that require daily taping and countless blisters. A local draft board was anxious to drape Shorter's wiry, five-foot-10½ frame in army fatigues until they discovered his habit of urinating blood. The draft board was mystified, and Shorter wasn't about to reveal that running 20 miles a day can temporarily havoc a pair of feeble kidneys.

And once marathon running almost led (*Continued on page* 85)

Bobby Fischer Can Lick

BY DICK SCHAAP

Despite the photographic evidence on the opposite page, the resemblance between Bobby Fischer and Muhammad Ali is uncanny. They are approximately the same age, give or take a year. They are approximately the same height, give or take an inch. And each is willing to admit, with only the slightest prodding, that he is approximately the greatest. The difference is that Ali says it with a wink. Bobby says it straight.

The funny part is that Bobby, in all likelihood, is right. Unless a large percentage of the world's chess experts are wrong, Fischer is the greatest player ever to push a pawn, better than all the Russians who have dominated the sport for 40 years; better than Capablanca, the legendary Cuban; better than the American genius of a century ago, Paul Morphy. Fischer is more daring, more imaginative, more knowledgeable, more precise, more skilled than all his predecessors. He is the ultimate chess player.

Of course, the experts could be wrong. During the final game of the world championship match between Fischer and Russia's Boris Spassky, I was sitting in an anteroom in the chess hall in Reykjavik, Iceland, flanked by three international grandmasters, all of them Americans—William Lombardy, Robert Byrne and Larry Evans.

The game was being projected on closed-circuit TV, and I was watching it avidly, or maybe desperately, trying to figure out what was going on. I asked the grandmasters for guidance. One told me that Fischer had the stronger position, another told me that Spassky had the stronger position and the third, Lombardy, a priest by trade, assured me that a draw was likely.

Later that same night, after the game was adjourned, with Fischer obviously in a stronger position, I was eating dinner in an Icelandic restaurant with Lothar Schmid, a West German who refereed the world championship, and Max Euwe, a former world champion from Amsterdam who had gone on to become president of the International Chess Federation. To the surprise of all of us, Bobby popped into the restaurant, accompanied by Lombardy and three other persons. Lombardy paused at our table. "Bobby has a sure win," he said. "We studied the game for half an hour. It's easy."

Lombardy moved off to join Fischer, and Schmid said he agreed with Lombardy's analysis completely. "Spassky is lost," Schmid said. "I would not be surprised if he resigned tomorrow without appearing." Euwe nodded.

All the experts seemed convinced—except one. Back at a corner table, Bobby sat, fiddling with his pocket chess set, playing out the adjourned game, testing all the variations, searching for the line to victory for himself, the line to escape for Spassky.

The next day, Spassky resigned without going to the chess hall. He conceded the game—and the match—to Fischer. I saw Bobby about an hour later in his hotel room; he was still studying the game Spassky had resigned. I asked Fischer if he would've resigned if the positions had been reversed. He said definitely not. He would have played on.

Naturally, in Bobby's mind, he would have had a great advantage. Had the positions been reversed, he would've been facing only Boris Spassky. He wouldn't have been facing Bobby Fischer. *That* prospect might frighten even Bobby Fischer.

I've known Bobby Fischer for 15 years—since he was a skinny, awkward, 15-year-old high school student in Brooklyn. At the time, he was the chess champion of the United States.

We went to a couple of hockey games together at Madison Square Garden and, a few times, we played tennis on public courts near Brooklyn College. Neither of us was very good, but I had eight years on Bobby and I invariably beat him. Years later, when I would tell people that I used to beat Bobby Fischer regularly, I never mentioned in which sport.

I was often tempted to ask Bobby to play a game of chess with me—the same impulse moves otherwise rational men to take punches at heavyweight boxing champions—but I never did. I'm sure Bobby would have refused. After all, he never asked to use my typewriter.

Occasionally, I watched Fischer play in chess tournaments. I'll never forget one game I saw. Bobby was playing a young man from Philadelphia, and Bobby had the white pieces, which meant he moved first. He opened pawn to king four, his standard opening. Bobby's opponent literally began to shake; I could see his legs quivering under the table. Twenty minutes passed before the opponent could get his nerves under control

*IN EGO

Muhammad Ali Any Day*

and make his first move. He never had a chance.

Almost 15 years later, just before he became the first American to win the world chess championship, Bobby Fischer appeared on *The Dick Cavett Show* and told Cavett that what he enjoyed most in chess was crushing an opponent's ego. He told me, about the same time, that often during his career he had seen opponents shake; he himself had fallen victim to that affliction once, when he was playing Samuel Reshevsky, the perennial U.S. champion until Bobby achieved puberty. The game with Reshevsky ended in a draw.

During the last eight or nine years of the 1960s, I didn't see Bobby at all. Not too many people did. I didn't get to any chess tournaments, and Bobby didn't get to too many. After a few abortive bids for the world championship, trying to fight his way up through challengers' rounds against large fields, Bobby gave up the quest in disgust. He was convinced that, in the challengers' tournaments, the Russians ganged up on him, that they played brother-in-law draws against each other and saved their mental and physical strength for games against him.

Bobby believed, beyond any doubt, that he was the best player in the world, but he believed, too, that the Russians, with their teamwork tactics, would never let him prove it. He was obsessed by his conviction, quite possibly accurate, that the Russians were cheating him; his conviction verged on paranoia. He felt the Russians would not stop short of drugging his beloved orange juice to protect the title from him.

Fischer withdrew from most competition, but he did not with-

Bobby Fischer

CONTINUED

draw from chess. He polished his game. He studied. He read all the chess books and periodicals in Russian and in English. He must have spent a dozen hours a day working on his game. Where other men carried wallets, Bobby carried his pocket chess set.

Then, at the start of the 1970s, despite stern opposition from the Russians, the system for selecting a challenger for the world chess championship was changed. No longer would a man have to struggle against immense fields. There would be reasonably-sized fields at the beginning, then head-to-head competition leading up to the title match.

Bobby plunged into the new competition. He won 13 straight games in preliminary tournaments. Then he went into the quarterfinals and won six straight games from Denmark's Bent Larsen. Against international grandmasters, he had a string of 19 victories, unmarred by a single draw, an incredible achievement unparalled in chess history.

Normally, when chess grandmasters meet, at least one game out of every three ends in a draw. It is not uncommon for a gifted player to go through several games without a defeat; but to go through many games without a defeat *or* a draw—that is practically unheard of.

Nineteen consecutive victories strained credibility. To draw a parallel in other sports, imagine Joe DiMaggio hitting safely in 156 straight games, or Sandy Koufax pitching 19 straight shutouts, or Joe Namath completing 19 straight passes, all for touchdowns. Those feats would approximate Fischer's.

Bobby moved into the semifinals, against Russia's Tigran Petrossian, a former world champion, and after a sluggish start, he crushed Petrossian's ego, earning the right to face Spassky for the championship. The Fischer-Petrossian match was held in Argentina, and right after it was completed, I renewed my acquaintance with Bobby.

I had followed Bobby's 19 straight victories, and had reported them on television. I had provided daily coverage of the match against Petrossian, treating it as a significant sports event. Word of the coverage reached Bobby in Argentina, and he was grateful. When he flew back to the United States, I met him at the airport. No one else did. He was not yet big news.

Bobby had not changed a great deal in the decade since I had last seen him. He had filled out; he was sturdier (his tennis game had improved, and mine had not). But he was still shy, still preoccupied, still clutching his pocket chess set (plus a gift set from the President of Argentina and a note of congratulations from Richard Nixon).

Bobby did one thing that surprised me. As soon as he got into the terminal at JFK Airport, he purchased a copy of *Playboy*. He began thumbing through it, staring at the pictures—not of the playmates, but of the ads. "I should be doing those ads," he said. He came across an ad featuring Namath, and Bobby said, "In Europe, I'm a bigger name than he is."

One of the most impressive things about Fischer is his walk. It is closer to a gallop, yet he seems to observe heel-and-toe rules. He is the fastest walker I've ever seen outside the Olympics.

The morning Bobby arrived, we walked from his Manhattan hotel to a nearby restaurant, breaking the record for a city block. There were three of us, Bobby and I and a friend of mine, and Bobby immediately sat down at a table for two. He had forgotten that there were three of us. He forgets telephone numbers, too. And people's names. And addresses. He forgets everything—except chess. At a party, I introduced him to Peter Falk, the actor. He did remember seeing Peter in a movie called *Murder Inc.,* which was made some 15 years earlier, long before Falk thought of becoming Lieutenant Columbo.

"What are you doing now?" Bobby asked Falk.

"He is beautiful," Falk said afterward. "I've never met anyone like him. An absolutely straight line. Just one thing on his mind. He is beautiful."

In the summer of 1972, Bobby went off to Iceland to play Boris Spassky for the world championship. Before he left, Bobby talked often of what he would do "when I win." Always "when." Never "if."

Then came all the controversy over lighting and television cameras and audience seating and the board and the pieces, and when Bobby lost the first game (on an apparently amateurish blunder) and forfeited the second, it seemed the world championship might remain in Russia.

But Bobby clung to his principles—and to his chess. In time, he crushed Spassky's ego, just as he had crushed every other opponent's. He was, finally, before his 30th birthday, the chess champion of the world.

Fischer's ego, of course, survived intact, huge as Asia and just as powerful. He had promised victory —and he had delivered it. His deed completed a holy trinity of accomplishments in sports:

Muhammad Ali, promising and delivering against Sonny Liston.

Joe Namath, promising and delivering against the Baltimore Colts.

Bobby Fischer, promising and delivering against Boris Spassky.

Bobby, I'm afraid, would resent sharing the billing. After all, Ali and Namath have lost titles. Bobby believes he never will. ■

The Rookie Who Roused The Red Sox

BY AL HIRSCHBERG

Every year, whether they deserve it or not, the Boston Red Sox celebrate certain special occasions: Dads' Day, Kids' Day, Family Day, Nuns' Day, Jimmy Fund Day, Cap Day, Bat Day and, best of all, Dissension Day.

Dissension Day, traditionally a midsummer festival, is usually a real smasher, touched off by bitter veterans who can't contain their resentments any longer. Everything comes out in a spectacular explosion which splashes all over the front pages of Boston papers, relegating such minor events as Vietnam, Presidential proclamations and the latest airplane highjacking to the inside.

Dissension Day, 1971, a fairly typical Boston eruption, led first to a team collapse (the Red Sox finished 18 games behind Baltimore), then to a massive post-season trade which found six Boston players banished to darkest Milwaukee.

But Dissension Day, 1972, was different. In the first place, it wasn't initiated in Boston. In the second place, it was an accident. In the third place, it was triggered not by a veteran, but by a mild, soft-spoken rookie who harbored no deep resentment and was so horrified by the reaction he was close to tears the day his bomb exploded—on page one, of course.

In the fourth, and most important, place, Dissension Day, 1972, did not signal a collapse for the Red Sox. Instead, it woke up a fourth-place team and turned them into contenders, then into divisional leaders, a position they clung to right down until the final series of the season.

The unlikely instigator of the latest Dissension Day was Carlton "Pudge" Fisk, a 24-year-old catcher, who was batting .300 and operating out of total innocence. He was spending an afternoon—August 7—in Springfield, Massachusetts, roughly 100 miles from the Red Sox locker room, the usual Dissension Day site, and he was signing autographs for young baseball fans. In between autographs, Fisk casually answered the questions of a Springfield sportswriter, who then hastened to his typewriter to pass along to the world the collected wit and wisdom of Pudge Fisk:

"Carl Yastrzemski and Reggie Smith are not lending inspiration to the team."

"Maybe huge salaries have something to do with a player's attitude." (Reportedly, Yastrzemski collects $165,000 a year and Smith about half that.)

"The veterans are supposed to be leading the team, but the younger players have been doing it."

"When they (the veterans) aren't aggressive or don't show desire, the whole team droops."

Talking off the cuff with a local writer in a city closer to his New Hampshire hometown of Charlestown than to Boston, those words didn't seem at all incendiary to Fisk. In fact, he never denied using them. But taken out of context and plastered all over the Boston dailies, the words looked like a call to revolution.

The next day, in the Red Sox locker room, which was swarming with reporters, Fisk, all 200 pounds and six feet, two inches of him, searched vainly for a place to hide. His baby face perspiring, his gray-blue eyes fixed on his toes, his voice quivering, he looked like a kid headed for the woodshed after throwing a rock through a neighbor's window.

The last thing Fisk wanted to do was talk. He was spared the ordeal of a press conference (Red Sox players are noted for their press conferences) by an inspiration on the part of manager Eddie Kasko (who is not noted for his inspirations). Kasko suddenly called a players' meeting. This clears big-league locker rooms of outsiders as surely as a Muezzin's call to prayer turns a Moslem's face towards Mecca. There was no meeting, only silent meditation on the immediate problem of trying to beat the Cleveland Indians.

The transformation of the locker room into a meditation corner was the final visible sign of the observance of Dissension Day, 1972. The principals in the dispute had met with Kasko for a few minutes when they got to the ballpark. Fisk, bewildered and scared but not particularly contrite, explained that he had been grossly misunderstood. The others forgave him on the spot, although it took the sensitive Smith some weeks to forgive the media for agreeing with Fisk. Yastrzemski, an old Dissension Day hand, took this one easily. Kasko asked only for peace and maximum effort on the field.

Thanks largely to Fisk, Kasko got both. From then on, Fisk praised everyone, criticized nobody and managed to keep the press happy with harmless pap. The ballclub made The Three Musketeers look like mortal enemies. Individual wounds were mostly bruises from

The Red Sox
CONTINUED

pats on the back.

The targets of Fisk's mild barbs proceeded to earn every dime of their salaries. Smith, at first hampered by a minor injury, recovered fast enough to go on a batting spree shortly after Dissension Day—hitting four homers, including a grand slam, in one three-game series—then continued on to a fine season. Yastrzemski, so cold at the plate he hadn't hit a home run before the All-Star game, went on a rampage with ten and a batting average of about .350 during the next six weeks. The pitchers, cajoled, coaxed, scolded and inspired by the young catcher who had started it all, became a cohesive, winning staff. Veteran Rico Petrocelli, enjoying one of his best seasons even before Dissension Day, kept it up; so did the ancient shortstop Luis Aparicio, when he was healthy. Kasko, never a ball of fire, started looking as shrewd as Walter Alston, who never was either.

And the best of all was Fisk. He pulled the team together even more with his deeds than with his words. In his first full big-league season, Fisk wound up with 22 home runs, a batting average of .293 and the Golden Glove as the league's best fielding catcher. A month after the World Series, Fisk was voted the fourth-Most Valuable Player in the American League—behind only Dick Allen, Joe Rudi and Sparky Lyle—and a few days later, he was named the league's Rookie of the Year, the first unanimous choice in the 24-year history of the award.

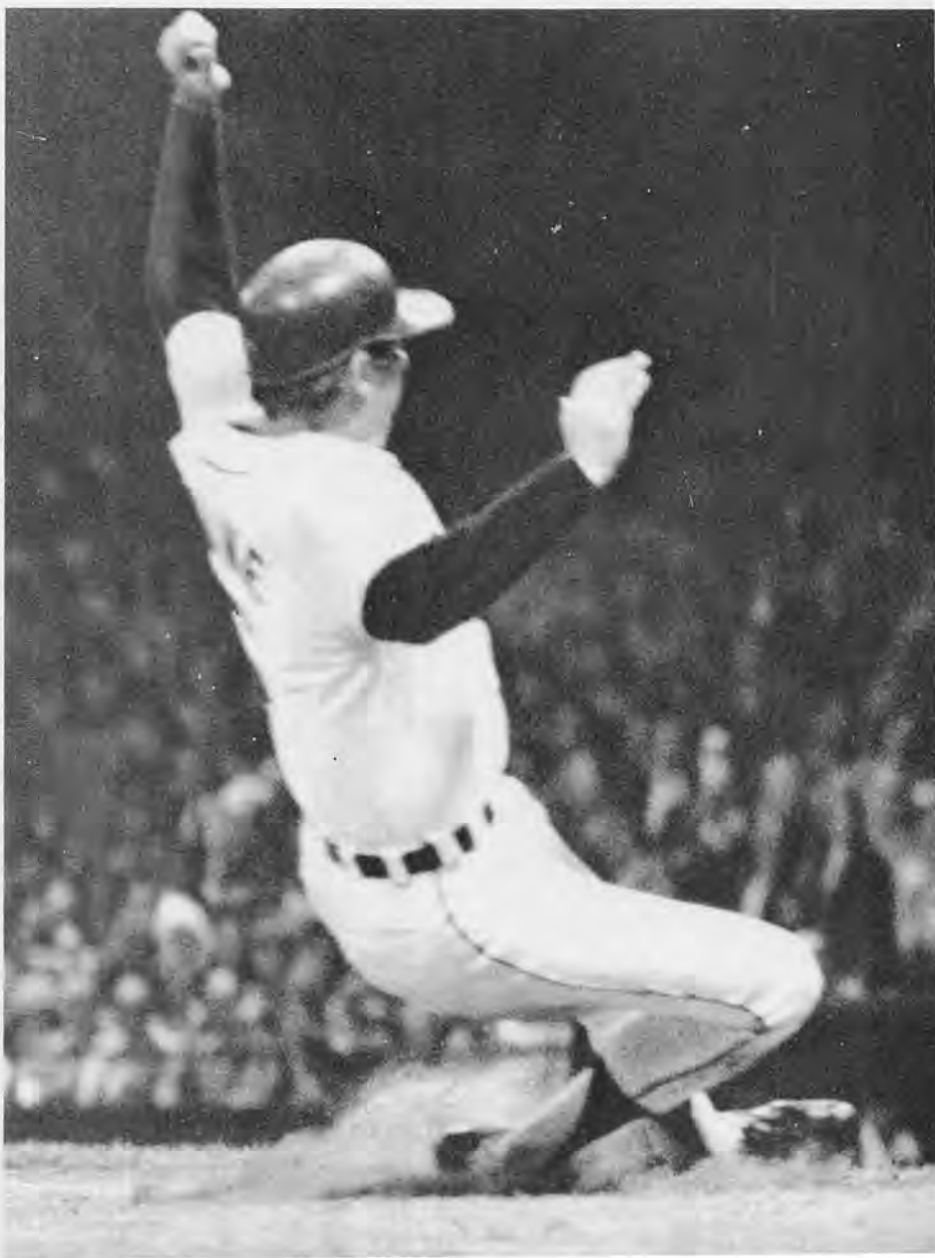
Earlier Fisk had been the only rookie to represent the American League in the 1972 All-Star game. He wasn't elected to the team by the fans, partly because his name wasn't even on the printed ballot (still, only four catchers outpolled him among the fans: Bill Freehan, Ray Fosse, Dave Duncan and Thurmon Munson). But in a private poll of American League players, Fisk placed second to Freehan, and Baltimore's Earl Weaver, managing the All-Stars, rewarded the Red Sox rookie with a place on the squad.

Fisk caught the last five innings of the All-Star game in Atlanta. Besides handling Gaylord Perry, Wilbur Wood and Dave McNally without a flaw, Fisk got an eighth-inning hit and scored the tying run, although the American League later lost the game. Fisk had never handled a knuckleball pitcher before catching Wood for two innings in Atlanta; he neither asked for nor thought he needed an oversized glove for the job.

"I used my own," he said. "Wood's ball plays tricks, but I managed all right because I waited until the last second before reaching for his pitch. That's the only time you can tell what it will do."

Fisk relied entirely on his reflexes, which are astonishingly quick. Everything about him is astonishingly quick. The Orioles saw Fisk's speed in the opening game of a September series

There was one out when Pat Dobson laid down a bunt for a suicide squeeze; Dave Johnson already was well on his way in from third base. This is almost always a sure run because normally nobody can reach the ball in time to keep the base-runner from scoring. Fisk shoved Dobson aside, swooped on the ball while it was rolling away from him, tagged out the sliding



"Pudge" Fisk, defending the plate against Al Kaline, won the Rookie-of-the-Year award for his defense as well as his bat.

Johnson, then threw to first to complete one of the rarest double plays in baseball.

Most catchers are so slow they seldom steal bases or hit triples. Fisk's five steals in 1972 left him behind only Ray Fosse of the Indians among big-league catchers; his nine triples led them all.

His 22 home runs not only set a record for Rex Sox catchers (the previous mark was merely 17); they were timely. Seven times Fisk won games with home runs, and four of those occasions were at Fenway Park. A rangy right-handed hitter, Fisk faced the challenge of Fenway's inviting leftfield wall and, unlike many hitters before him, did not let the challenge change his style and destroy him.

Obviously, it wasn't Carlton Fisk's fault that the Red Sox didn't win their divisional title in 1972.

Fisk was lucky to start the 1972 season with the Red Sox at all. In spring training, he ranked as the third-string catcher. Duane Josephson opened the strike-delayed season behind the plate; Bob Montgomery, a fair-haired young man considered the Red Sox catcher of the future, backed up Josephson. When Josephson was hurt the second day of the season, Montgomery replaced him. Two days later, Fisk got in the lineup and beat the Yankees with a triple and impressed everyone with his arm and confidence. By May, Fisk had the starting job—and Montgomery seemed to be following all the other Red Sox catchers of the future into the best-forgotten past.

It has been years since the Red Sox have had a catcher with a present and a future. They've had a dozen or more who looked good at times, but not since Birdie Tebbetts, like Fisk a New Hampshire product, have they had an all-round catcher with the savvy, consistency and power Fisk showed this year.

Even in their two modern pennant years of 1946 and 1967, the Red Sox were weak behind the plate. They spent millions in bonuses for catchers since World War II, but except for Sammy White and Bob Tillman, who were fair, they had little to show for the investment. If Fisk doesn't break his neck or turn golf pro, he could be around long enough to rank as the best catcher Boston has ever had.

Unlike so many of his predecessors, Fisk wasn't expensive. Drafted off the University of New Hampshire campus, where he had a basketball scholarship, he signed for less than $10,000, becoming the second of his family to enter pro baseball. His older brother, Calvin, once caught in the Baltimore system.

The male Fisks have a thing about the letter C. Besides Calvin and Carlton, there are two younger brothers, Cedric and Conrad, and their father's name is Cecil.

"Seems sort of silly," Fisk says, "and my wife and I thought we could get away from it, but we couldn't."

Pudge's wife, the former Linda Foust, whom he met at college, and he gave both their children names beginning with C. Their daughter is Carolyn and their son Carson.

Fisk, although he respects a college education, regrets the years he spent at UNH, playing basketball and baseball.

"I killed nearly three seasons by waiting until I was almost 20 before turning pro," he says. "I should have signed at 17 when I got out of high school. Then maybe I would have reached the majors three years sooner."

Except that Fisk didn't do all that well in the (*Continued on page* 88)

SON OF SUPERSTAR

BY BILL LIBBY

The father was one of seven children. He fought his way out of the steel-mill town of Gary, Indiana, by carrying a football. At the University of Michigan, he bussed dishes every morning, sold cigarets for ten bucks a week and ran with the football better than anyone else in the country. He took the Heisman Trophy into World War II, became a fighter pilot and got shot out of the air twice. He survived—and flourished.

The only son of the father was born in southern California and had his birth duly recorded in Hedda Hopper's column. By then his father was a successful broadcaster. His mother was beautiful, a former actress. One of his sisters married rock singer Rick Nelson and the other married a man who may become president of General Motors. He did his running on the beach at Malibu. His backyard was big enough for a minor bowl game, big enough for a pool where he could swim away his sweat. And yet, the son, too, has flourished.

The son's name is Mark Harmon. He plays quarterback for UCLA. He is the son of Tom Harmon, the son of superstar.

"What could I do?" says Tom Harmon. "Throw him into a ghetto? I wanted to give my kids some of the things I never had when I grew up. I think toughness comes from within, anyway. Growing up as I did has to drive you, but some kids make it from both sides of the tracks. Some don't."

Mark Harmon made it on the night of September 16, 1972. He made it in the Los Angeles Coliseum, surrounded by 68,000 fans, a hundred of the nation's top report-

ers and a dozen broadcasters, including his father. "I was scared half to death," Mark confesses.

In his first UCLA game, Mark threw a 46-yard touchdown pass, and his team was even with heavily-favored Nebraska, 17-17, in the final quarter. Then Harmon drove his team to the Nebraska 33-yard line. It was third down and 11 to go against the 1970 and 1971 national collegiate champions, unbeaten in 32 games.

Running the Wishbone-T attack, Harmon rolled out as the defenders blitzed. Nebraska's huge All-America, Rich Glover, ran right at Harmon and reached for him, but the slender youngster stepped aside. Harmon calmly looked for his receiver, found him closely covered and still fired the perfect pass he needed. The play was good for 13 yards, a first down on the Nebraska 20. The crowd roared.

High up in the Coliseum, narrating the TV tape which would be seen in Los Angeles the next day, Tom Harmon said in an emotionless voice, "The quarterback made a nice pass." The colorman on the telecast, Gary Beban, added, "A great pass by Harmon."

Four plays later, Efren Herrera kicked a field goal and UCLA had a 20-17 victory, college football's most stunning upset in years.

Afterwards, in the tumultuous UCLA dressing room, Mark Harmon peeled off his soggy blue-and-gold No. 7 and stood almost stripped, sweaty and sore. He smiled as the press swarmed around his cubicle. "Amazing, just amazing," he kept saying, a wide smile on his Hollywood-handsome face. Just turned 21, he seemed more boy than man. Perspiration poured through his thick, long, brownish-blond hair. A blueish bruise discolored a muscle on his throwing arm. His blue eyes shone.

"My dad told me before the game to stay calm and play my game," Mark Harmon said. "That's what I did, but it wasn't easy. My first game in this place. Against that team. And beating them. And not wanting to blow it. I feel I did well. It's a great feeling."

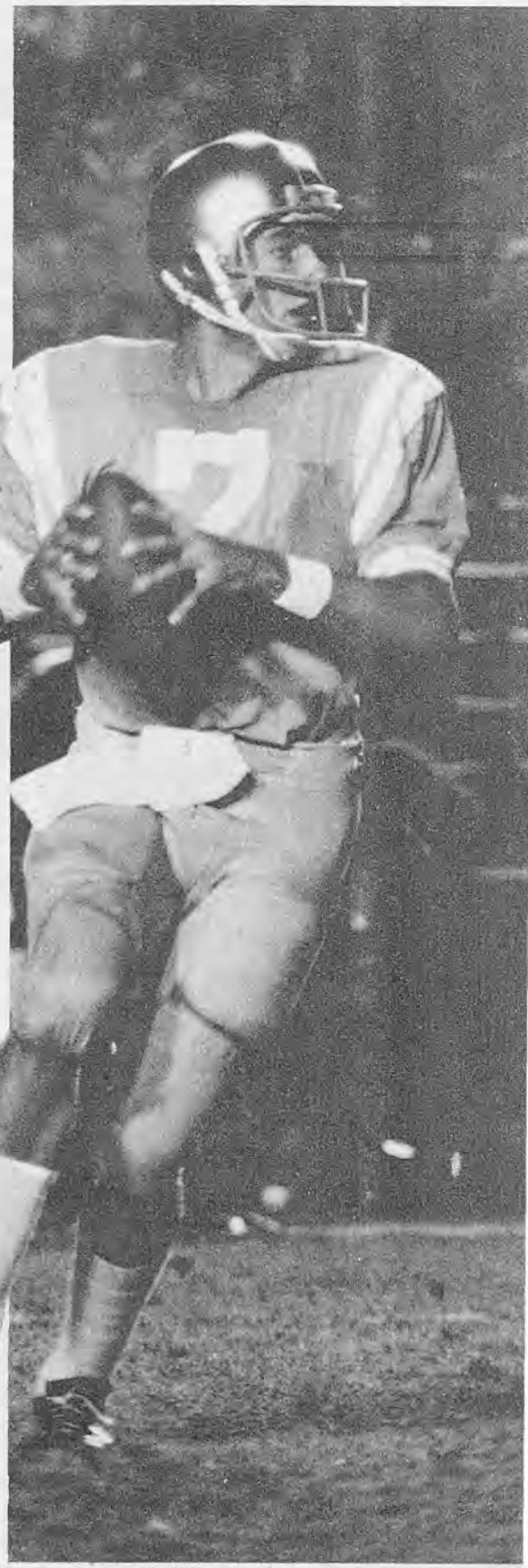
Across the room, Pepper Rodgers, the UCLA coach, said, "That was the greatest first game I've ever seen a college quarterback play." Then Rodgers went home and jumped in his swimming pool with his clothes on.

Standing off to a side, watching his son deal with the press, not wanting to intrude, Tom Harmon said, "It seems like 100 years since I played and I've seen this scene in 100 dressing rooms since, but this is the first time it reminded me of my glory days. That was the best time of my life and now I'm reliving it through him and I just hope he gets out of it what I did."

Tall, trim and tanned, his gray hair growing sparse, the father, too, seemed more boy than man at the moment. "I was nervous for Mark," he said, "and I was nervous for Tom. I didn't want to get carried away. I'm a pro and I didn't want to be prejudiced for my son. So I played it straight. But Beban was beside himself. And I spotted my wife after one play when she looked like she was going to leap right out of the stands." Harmon looked wistful. "She never got to see me play in college," he said.

Tom was a tailback in the single-wing, one-platoon days of the late 1930s. He was a big, fast runner who snaked through broken fields for 60, 70 and 80 yards. But he was more than merely a great runner. He was one of the last of the triple-threat backs. And more than that.

In three seasons, Tom Harmon rushed 398 times for 2134 yards and returned kicks 551 yards. He wore number 98 and he broke Red Grange's Big Ten record by scoring 33 touchdowns. He completed 101 of 233 passes for 1304 yards and 16 more touchdowns. He placekicked 33 extra points and two field goals. He punted for 2005 yards. He totalled just under 4000 yards on offense and scored 237 points. He also was



SUPERSTAR

CONTINUED

a defensive back who seldom permitted a completed pass in his area.

He had games far greater than Mark's game against Nebraska. Tom rushed for 206 yards against Yale and 202 yards against Penn. His teams lost only four games in his three years, and in the last game of his college career, he ran for 220 yards and three touchdowns and passed for 151 yards and two touchdowns, averaged 50 yards a punt and defended flawlessly. Michigan beat Ohio State, 40-0.

That was 1940 and "Old 98" was named All-America for the second straight season and winner of the Heisman Trophy and Amateur Athlete of the Year. He made a movie called *Harmon of Michigan* which was not nearly so good as he was, and then he went to war. As a fighter pilot, he crashed in a jungle on the way to North Africa and walked out six days later. He was shot down again over the Yangtze River in a dogfight with a Japanese Zero and was rescued by a Chinese patrol 12 days later. With his help, the Allies won the war.

Tom Harmon came home a hero. The President had him to dinner at the White House. Henry Ford personally picked a car off the assembly line for him. "I was lucky," Harmon says. "I was the last star before the war, the last of my kind. I had those wartime incidents, and it all helped my name endure beyond reason."

Burned and scarred on discharge, Harmon joined the Los Angeles Rams. He lasted only two seasons—on defense. The war had

stolen his skills. Harmon still thinks he could have made it as a pro—on offense. "But they'd switched to the T-formation and two-platoon ball with specialists so they stuck me on defense," he says. "All the fun had gone out of the game for me. Pro ball wasn't as big then as it is now, and when I got the chance to grab something secure for my family, something as exciting as broadcasting sports, I grabbed it. And I've never regretted it. I've worked steady for 25 years and been able to provide a good life for myself and my family."

Tom met his wife, Elyse Knox, when they were guests on a Bing Crosby radio show. A former model who was getting started in the movies, Elyse met and married Tom, had two daughters, Kris and Kelly, then the son, and retired to her role as mother.

The Wishbone-T is a maze of options—but Harmon's 574 yards passing and 444 rushing prove he can choose wisely.

In the Los Angeles *Times* of September 3, 1951, Hedda Hopper wrote, "Football wizard Tom Harmon and his actress wife, Elyse Knox, have a new baby—a son this time. The son arrived yesterday at St. Joseph Hospital, Burbank. And judging by the weight, nine pounds, four ounces, the Harmons have a potential tackle or guard in their family."

Mark Harmon's memories are of people asking him, "Do you know whose son you are?" He was nine and a Little League star when his mother heard someone asking him who he was and, on finding out, saying, "Oh, well," as if that explained his skills.

In playground football, the other kids teased him, "Who do you think you are, Tom Harmon?" In high school, opposing linemen taunted him, "You got the name, but not the game." In junior college, he heard, "Hey, Harmon, you gonna play your old man's press-clippings?" At UCLA, he got a letter which read, "Your old man was great stuff until he washed out in the pros. Now that you're moving up, you'll flop, too, sonny-boy."

The father says, "I warned him that his name would put extra pressure on him and that if he got into the spotlight the squirrels would come out of the woods to nip at him. I never threw a football in his cradle. I didn't give him a uniform when he was six. I played catch with him. But I never once said anything about him playing anything. I'm pleased he's playing and I'm pleased how well he's playing, but I'm most pleased by the way he's handling the pressure."

The son says, "Dad and I are very close. We can talk. But he and Mom have let me make my own decisions. I expected pressure. The nasty stuff rolls off my back. And I won't let the nice stuff go to my head. There really hasn't been all that much nasty stuff and all my coaches and teammates and most of my opponents have been nice and treated me as just another player.

"I don't mind that there's a lot of fuss made over me and my father now instead of just me. He's a great man and I'm proud of him and I hope he's proud of me. This situation is a part of my life and I can't pretend it isn't and wouldn't want to change it. He deserves a share of any success I have.

"He played other sports besides football. He ran track and played basketball and baseball. I can beat him at tennis, but not at basketball. He has a two-handed set-shot you wouldn't believe and he plays Indiana back-alley rules and roughs me right off the court. I've played other sports, too. Baseball was my first love and maybe I could have played pro later, but I gave it up when I fell in love with football. I like it because it's scientific and a team game. I'm not an individualist. I treasure the friendships I'm making on the team and I want to be part of a winning team.

"I don't want to top my dad. I couldn't if I wanted to."

Mark started in prep play at Notre Dame High School in Sherman Oaks, but shifted after one year to Harvard High in North Hollywood because more of his friends went there. This cost him his last season of eligibility. As a freshman, he was a running back. As a sophomore, he was a wingback. As a junior, he was a quarterback. And as a senior, he was a rugby player.

His one season as a quarterback, he played only four games before he broke his elbow. He had only a name and none of the big-time schools wanted to buy that. His father could have afforded to send him anywhere, but Mark wanted to play ball and instead of playing at a small college such as Santa Clara, he enrolled at Pierce Junior College in hopes of improving to the big-school level. He had been all-city (*Continued on page* 84)

1972 was the year lost 26 straight games

That and everything else that was basketball '72

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5

Daylight At Last: O.J. Runs Again

BY PETE AXTHELM

The seasons had dragged on interminably and the hope and confidence O.J. Simpson had carried into professional football three years earlier had leveled off into a kind of stolid determination.

Life with the struggling Buffalo Bills offered none of the soaring moments Simpson had known at the University of Southern California, where he had been widely recognized as the most exciting runner who ever played college ball. Instead there was only the gray succession of near misses: The runs that fell one block or one cutback short of breaking up games, the team gatherings that produced only tantalizing illusions of real camaraderie, the games that slipped out of reach through the haunting errors that plague losing teams.

Then, last summer, the end was in sight. Only one season remained on Simpson's four-year contract; if he chose, he could play in 1972 and one more season—his "option" year—and then he could begin bargaining to place himself with another club. During the bleak winters in Buffalo, O.J. had often entertained the possibility. Perhaps he could finish his career on the West Coast, where he had grown up and starred in junior college and at USC; or he could at least find his way to a winner, a team that could provide the two things he missed so much: Spirit and blocking. Before he journeyed east to training camp, O.J. sat alone in the living room of his hilltop home in Bel Air, California, and considered the prospect of a bold end run out of Buffalo.

"I did some deep thinking about it," he recalls, "and eventually I decided that I had just been kidding myself about running away from the situation. For one thing, I wasn't ready for all the bitterness and hassling I would have gone through by playing out my option. But more than that, I just didn't want to make the move. The Bills were changing—and I was changing even more. To put it one way, I'd grown up."

This past season, Simpson's thinking was vindicated. Under coach Lou Saban, who has returned to the team he coached to the top of the American Football League in the early 1960s, the Bills made some significant strides forward—and no one has moved farther or faster than O.J. As a team, the Bills still have a long way to go; they are young, mistake-prone and lacking in the depth that protects good teams from debilitating injuries. But as an individual, O.J. has unquestionably arrived. For three years, the running back's milestone of a 1000-yard season had seemed far beyond his reach; last fall, O.J. needed only 11 games to reach that figure—and though he played with a second-division club, he led the conference in rushing for most of the year. For the first time since he left college, Simpson learned to enjoy some blocking, coaching, and camaraderie—and the shadows in Buffalo slowly began to lift.

The new mood in Buffalo was graphically illustrated on O.J.'s most electrifying play of the season—a 94-yard run against Pittsburgh. "Dennis Shaw called a 26—a play that I really didn't think would work," Simpson said. There had been many other plays called at Buffalo that didn't figure to work—and most of them didn't. But this time, all the instinctive, split-second decisions that go into a breakaway play meshed perfectly. "I was supposed to stutter-step to the left while our guard pulled," O.J. continued. "But I was afraid he'd get there too quick, so I hardly stuttered at all before I followed him. As I got there, Reg McKenzie hooked the linebacker inside. Then J. D. Hill chopped down the cornerback. Suddenly I was one-on-one with the safety, with a chance to wiggle on him, stiff-arm him, whatever I needed. Once I get out there, it's my game. I just took off." The exhilaration of such moments, understandably, has produced in Simpson a whole new outlook on his team and his career.

"Four years ago we were a young team, talking about the future," says Simpson. "Now we're even younger, and we haven't won anything yet, so you could say that we've really accomplished nothing. But for the first time, we have a coach with the power, the will and the ability to get something done. The atmosphere is completely different."

The new mood became evident early in training camp when O.J. had a private meeting with Saban. "I'd like to know just where I

O.J.

CONTINUED

stand," O.J. told him.

"I know what you've been through," Saban replied, "and we both know how much has to be done. But bear with me, and I'll get guys who can do the job. Then I'll be counting heavily on you."

Saban's straightforward style impressed Simpson, and he went on to the subject that was pressing on his mind. "I don't want to wait until my contract runs out and people are talking about my option year," he said. "Why don't we settle on a new contract right now."

"Fine," said Saban—and the two men began discussing a new deal. As a rookie, O.J. had negotiated through his manager, Chuck Barnes; team owner Ralph Wilson had countered with a battery of lawyers and emissaries of his own, and the talks had dragged on into the training season before Simpson signed a four-year contract worth $250,000. This time, O.J. and Saban talked face to face for all of two minutes—and agreed on a new long-term contract at a substantial raise. O.J. recalls that meeting with undisguised pride. If his initial negotiations had made him a well-paid rookie, his session with Saban left him feeling like an independent and highly respected man.

The growth of O.J. Simpson is hardly a typical athletic story, of course, because he was anything but a typical raw rookie when he joined the Bills. His varied off-the-field enterprises, due to net him some $650,000 a year in addition to his football salary, had alreay been chronicled in *The Wall Street Journal* and talked about throughout the sports world. Before he had even carried a football against professionals, he was writing a book, appearing in television dramas and selling automobiles and soda to his millions of fans. In addition, he was an unusually poised and engaging young man, comfortable in the spotlight and highly popular with the press and most teammates. On the surface, he seemed to have everything going for him—and very little left to learn.

In retrospect, however, that glamorous rookie appears to have been both näive and vulnerable. He was the classic modern sports hero—intelligent, worldly and well advised—but his very success had left him strangely ill-prepared for the setbacks he would encounter in Buffalo. In fighting his way out of a San Francisco ghetto on the strength of his football ability, he had learned to concentrate all his energies on what he did best—and to count on others to take care of the details. As part of the awesome USC football operation, for example, he could always rely on the leadership of his coaches and the superb talents of his teammates; in his business ventures, he could sit back and trust Chuck Barnes. As he launched his pro career, O.J.'s world seemed as neatly ordered as the luxurious, gadget-filled house he was building in Bel Air, where a push of a button could make almost anything happen.

Then, suddenly, the buttons failed to work. O.J. found himself on a floundering, leaderless team that lacked both confidence and ability; more puzzling still, he learned that—in contrast to his college teams—the Bills did not see him as the man who could get them rolling. At first he tried to rationalize the situation, telling himself that no pro team could be expected to simply give one man the ball and let him do the job. But as one defeat followed another and he was still carrying the ball only a handful of times each game, he had to fight the urge to shout his frustration.

The Bills' games began to fall into a disconcerting pattern. As each one approached, O.J. would convince himself that the team was ready at last to concentrate on its ground game; then his fantasies would expand: If he ran well, they could score an upset, and an upset could start a winning streak, and—despite their losing record—they might sneak into the postseason playoffs and restore order to his young world.

It never happened, of course, and Simpson's relations grew increasingly strained with pass-oriented veteran quarterback Jack Kemp and indecisive coach John Rauch. He also grew disappointed with himself. When he did get the football, he sometimes felt that he lacked the sudden instinctive burst of speed that should have broken open a play. He also found it difficult to adjust to blockers who were unable to open the holes he had grown accustomed to at USC. Often, seeing his projected route shut off, he would desperately fake, jigstep and change direction behind the line of scrimmage—turning possible short-gain plays into losses.

Simpson's confidence never quite deserted him, but it did take a severe beating. His stormy rookie season was followed by a knee injury midway through the next fall; then there was the farcical 1971 season, in which the disorganized Bills won only one game. The scars from those humiliations are still with him, as O.J. indicated this year after he gained 144 yards against the Oakland Raiders, only to see the victory slip away in the closing minutes. Afterward, a sympathizer asked, "Was this your most disappointed defeat as a pro?"

"I couldn't say that," O.J. answered with a tired smile. "There's been an awful lot of them."

Defeat has stripped away much of the emotional mystique that Simpson had long associated with football, and he now takes a hard-headed view of his profession. "Dave Meggyesy wrote a book to tell everybody how materialistic and inhuman football is," he says. "But the amazing thing was that he was so dense it took him seven years in the league to learn what every black athlete knows from the start. I don't mean that it's a racial difference, but if you come up out of the ghetto and get a chance through football, you shouldn't (*Continued on page* 86)

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The Man In The Stitched-Up Mask

BY GERALD ESKENAZI

Gerry Cheevers has this wild idea for a first-person book: He's a thoroughbred race horse on the morning of the Kentucky Derby. He's standing in his stall as the grooms are taking care of him.

"And then I start to look back over my career," relates the horse/Cheevers. "How I started as a yearling in Kentucky, and how no one thought I could make it. I'm not fashionably bred and I don't have too much style. But I start to win some races after a bad beginning, and suddenly people aren't laughing any more. I become a sensation, a real surprise. And here I am now at Churchill Downs, waiting for the big one. . . ."

Gerald Michael Cheevers, professional goaltender, is, of course, the colt. Most people don't think of him in that way; he's mostly known as Cheevers the oddball, the man who paints his mask with imaginary stitchmarks, who raps opposing skaters across the ankles when they dare venture into his territory, who reads *The Racing Form* before a Stanley Cup final.

But, colt or oddball, Cheevers has been winning himself a new reputation in the past couple of years—as perhaps the finest clutch goalie in pro hockey. Cheevers, who now plays for the Cleveland Crusaders of the World Hockey Association, after jumping from the champion Boston Bruins of the National Hockey League, has also proved himself a clutch negotiator. In this era of lawyers and agents, he negotiated his own $1-million, seven-year deal when he jumped leagues.

That, however, is not what most people know about Cheevers. Perhaps they've heard the story of that 10-2 loss to Chicago in his rookie year in 1966. It came on the day after the 25th anniversary of Pearl Harbor, and it was a similar rout.

"Damn it," screamed Boston's general manager, Hap Emms. "What happened out there?"

Without blinking an eye, Cheevers replied: "Roses are red, violets are blue. They got ten, we only got two."

The most visible thing about Cheevers is that grotesque mask, a fiberglass job crisscrossed with black marks where the stitches would have been on his face had he not worn the face protection.

That began, says Cheavers, to cover his ineptitude as a practice goalie. "I'm not good in practice," explains Cheevers. "One day I was stopping shots and not looking too hot. The puck hit me in the mask and Frosty Forristall, our assistant trainer, had to carry me off."

Cheevers was embarrassed when he looked at the mask in the dressing room. It had only a small nick in it—certainly, it didn't look as if the puck had come in hard enough to bother him. Cheevers said to Forristall: "Hey, we better make this look serious." So Forristall took out a Magic Marker and painted ten black suture marks on the mask. Cheevers then showed the mask to his teammates. "This is how bad it was," he told them. "If I hadn't worn the mask, I would have had these stitches all over my face." Over the next few years Forristall would paint on the imaginary stitches whenever Cheevers was hit in the face with a puck or a stick. "That's worth five," Cheevers would say. Or, "Better give me seven for that one." Now, there are more than 100 stitches on the mask.

As with many of the things Gerry does, the mask made some people chuckle and annoyed others. His teammates chuckled, for to them Gerry Cheevers could do no wrong.

By the time he came to the Bruins to stay, in 1967, Cheevers had been reassigned to various teams ten different times in his first six years as a pro. His goals-against averages were uniformly terrible. The Bruins, though, were on the rise. Bobby Orr was in his second season, and Phil Esposito had joined the team after the famous trade with the Chicago Black Hawks. Cheevers became the No. 1 goalie on the club—and Boston made the playoffs for the first time in nine years. The Bruins' dynasty had begun.

Yet, (*Continued on page* 92)

RICK BARRY LOVES PIAYING IN [Fill In The Town]

BY DON KOWET

Today's fairy tale is called "Two Beanstalks and a Lot of Jack":

Once upon a time, there was a tribe of uncommonly tall Warriors who lived by the coast of California. Their chieftain was a man named Mieuli who wore guru beads and turtlenecks and denims sewn by the finest craftsmen. Mieuli wished for only two things for his tribe: That they win every battle they fight, and that, in the process, they make a great deal of money.

Of all the Warriors, two were mightier than the rest. Their names were Nathaniel and Rick. Nathaniel was the tallest of all the Warriors, and he was dark and very efficient. Rick was the slickest of all the Warriors, and he was fair and very spectacular. Mieuli loved them both. He considered them his adopted sons.

Nathaniel was the loyal son. A rival tribe tried to lure him away with promises of more wampum and more beads than he had ever seen, but Nathaniel refused to leave Mieuli.

But Rick could not resist temptation. Just when his instincts as a Warrior reached a peak, he fled to another tribe. Mieuli was heartbroken. He vowed never to cut the hair upon his face until the prodigal son had returned.

Like most fables, including the one about the fox and the grapes, this one has a lot of truth in it. It is based upon the truelife adventures of three men: Franklin Mieuli, Nathaniel Thurmond and Richard Barry III.

Mieuli graduated from the University of Oregon and the advertising department of a beer company into the ownership of a basketball team, the San Francisco Warriors. Thurmond graduated from Bowling Green University into the employ of Mieuli's Warriors. But our hero—just as surely as the fox was Aesop's hero—is the third man, the other "Son"—a pugnacious kid from the University of Miami and a proletarian neighborhood in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Our hero's grandfather, Richard Barry I, had combined the picaresque flair of a James Michael Curly with the barroom manners of a Brendan Behan. His father, Richard Barry II, was a grammar-school basketball coach who indoctrinated his son in the catechism of hook shot, layup, jump shot. Eventually, the son, Richard Barry III, called Rick, knew more ways to put the basketball through the hoop than almost anyone who had ever lived. Rick put his knowledge to practical use for Franklin Mieuli's Warriors.

And then one day, after the two adopted sons had harvested the Warriors' finest season ever, taking their team into the finals of the 1966-67 NBA playoffs, Rick Barry defected to a new league called the ABA, to a new team called the Oakland Oaks.

From the perspective of the pressbox or a $7 seat, it seemed as if the divisive and decisive issue was money. Nothing could be further from the truth—as Barry sees it. The thing was the men who had founded the Oakland ABA franchise had shanghai-ed Bruce Hale as their head coach. And Bruce Hale was not only Rick Barry's former head coach at Miami, but his father-in-law! Although Rick put on a brave face at the time—courting the moral condemnation of fans and press while formulating the issue in terms of dollars and cents—he has recently divulged that his move from the NBA to the ABA was motivated by unadulterated altruism. It was a soul-searching decision in which he had to choose between competing loyalties. (*Continued on page* 98)

The Knicks and the Bucks played their first game of the season at New York's Madison Square Garden last November. The Knicks won, 87-86, with 19 straight points in the last five, improbable minutes. The game was an incredible challenge. But the fans were equal to it...

New York's Knowledgeable Knick Fans: WATCHING SERIOUSLY

Reportage by MORT GERBERG

"No question. Reed is a definite presence tonight... he's really muscling Jabbar around..."

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"G'wan, Bill, shoot! You're not! Two! Way to go. Man, that Bradley has to have the quickest release in the league." Bradley hits a few more and the Knicks go up, 31-26.

The Garden's house minister. "Allen's moving! That's an illegal block! Offensive foul, ref!" A whistle. Offensive foul on Allen.

"C'mon, let's go! Move that ball! Move it! Move it! Stop standing around! Move!"
Knicks fumbling the ball. Give up 4 points on two turnovers — 38-36. Alone, silent, she slowly shakes her head from side to side.
2:23 - DeBusschere from outside! 86-81!
"Atta way, Willis! That's grabbing 'em! Good rebound. Stay with him, baby! Stay with him — oh — please!"
With 5:11 to play, Monroe makes a 3-pointer to bring the Knicks to within 86-71 — and ignites the incredible 19-point explosion.
4:12 to go. Frazier hits from the corner and it's down to 86-75!

At the half, Gianelli ties it at 42. "Say, the kid really has a beautiful outside shot. He's gonna be OK."

"Three seconds, dammit! Blow that whistle!"

Allen hits two. Bucks breezing, 62-48. "Tough defense." "It's their man-to-man switching." "Jeez, Jabbar is quick." "Ahh, Thurmond is still the best defensive center anywhere."

1:49 - Monroe, on a breaking layup! 86-83! "Oh, Pearl!"

0:36 - Frazier to Monroe at the key ... yes! The Knicks lead 87-86!

0:01 - Jabbar hooks — misses — and the Knicks win, 87-86! Fan-tas-tic!

SPORT SPECIAL

Willis Reed dominated pro basketball three years ago, when his knees were sound and his confidence infectious; now he's trying to fight his way back

WILLIS REED: THE ART & AGONY OF A GENTLE GIANT

BY JEFF GREENFIELD

Willis Reed moved into the circle casually, ready to begin the work he had been doing for half of his life; the Sacred Heart medal swung easily against his chest as he shook hands and exchanged a word or two with his rival center. The program listed Reed at 6-10, 240 pounds, but standing next to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, he seemed dwarfed by at least half a foot.

The capacity crowd at Madison Square Garden had booed Abdul-Jabbar and cheered the New York Knick captain, but the cheers seemed tinged with doubt. Always in the past in this setting, the Knicks and their leader had taken the measure of the Bucks and Abdul-Jabbar—eight straight times the Knicks had won at home—but this November day in 1972, two overwhelming handicaps were burdening New York. First, Jerry Lucas, who had helped the Knicks win the Eastern Division title the previous season, was sitting on the bench in a double-knit suit, sidelined with an ankle injury. Second, Willis Reed was only slowly, uncertainly working his way back from a year away from basketball, and two years away from full physical health. For weeks, murmurs of doubt—even from his admirers—had accompanied Reed's struggle. A poor performance against his strongest rival would swell the whispers to a chorus: "Willis will never be back."

A sports arena is a kind of decontamination chamber; entering a football or basketball stadium, we banish for a few hours the ambiguities, betrayals, and disappointments of life; we accept as a given the simplicities of Absolute Good and Total Evil. Men who spend their days at jobs which weary the body or bore the spirit, men who sell goods and services of uncertain worth, can find on a Thursday night or Sunday afternoon a source of unwavering enthusiasm. For once, there are no doubts. The familiar young men in the home uniforms are good; the strangers in the visiting costumes are evil.

That is why so much of our thinking and talking about sports is surrounded by mythology. In sports, excellence is acknowledged and honored. Greatness in other fields—industry, politics, literature—is constantly challenged by muckrakers, historians, critics.

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to a rhythm only he heard, a small smile suggesting self-appreciation, eyes looking for the least hesitation by an opposing ball-handler, hands waiting to steal and break. From the Knicks' own organization came coach Red Holzman in December, 1967, drilling a sense of team play into the minds of his players: See the ball, hit the open man, get to practice on time. The Knicks have not missed the playoffs since Holzman's reign began.

Finally, on December 19, 1968, came the move that fused the Knicks together and gave Willis Reed the chance for greatness. Dave DeBusschere came to New York from Detroit in exchange for Walt Bellamy and Howard Komives. DeBusschere joined Bradley at the forwards; Willis Reed went back to center. And now, playing in the pivot with his back to the basket, Reed began to show the remarkable versatility that made him unique among big men.

There was his shooting, exceptionally accurate for a center; his soft jumper was deadly within 15 feet, and the fact that he shot left-handed confounded his opponents. Other centers, used to blocking the lane on defense, faced an unpleasant choice: Stay inside and let Reed shoot uncontested, or move out and open the middle for the drives of Bradley, DeBusschere and Frazier.

There was his bulk, making him especially effective in setting picks. Willis would move to one side of the key; the forwards and guards would run their man into Reed, then spring free for drives or shots. And if they were double-teamed, there was always Reed's outside shooting.

And there was his defense. Bill Bradley describes it: "He's the big man backing up our mistake. He produces 'the Russell effect,' like Chamberlain or Jabbar or Thurmond. What that means is you take more of a chance because if your man slips through for a backdoor, Willis is there."

After DeBusschere joined the Knicks and liberated Reed, New York went 36-11 through the rest of the 1968-69 season, defeated the favored Baltimore Bullets four straight in the opening playoff round, and lost to the Boston Celtics in six games only when Walt Frazier was slowed by a groin injury. The next season, the Knicks won it all—and Reed did, too. With 1755 points and 1126 rebounds, with 426 playoff points, with his high-noon seventh game heroics, Reed was the king, winning a triple crown Most Valuable Player parlay—for the regular season, the playoff games, and the All-Star game.

And then it all came apart.

The Knicks moved downcourt, Willis running hard, moving to the right of the key, with Abdul-Jabbar's huge arm poised in front of him like a railroad gate. Reed moved left, took a pass and hit a far-away jumpshot to tie the score 2-all. The cheer exploded again when Willis rebounded off the offensive boards a minute later. Then the silence began to grow. The Knicks were missing; the Bucks were hitting. Abdul-Jabbar was fouled by Reed and sank two; 30 seconds later, Kareem broke for the basket, took an Oscar Robertson pass, and slammed it through. With barely three and a half minutes gone Milwaukee led, 14-3.

"It was such a drastic thing that happened." Reed was sitting in the team bus, his legs jammed up against his chest, talking of the past as the Knicks drove through the gloom of New Jersey on the way to a certain win over the Philadelphia 76ers. (The team, I suspect, is named after its average attendance.)

All through 1970-71, Reed's left knee was bothering him. It was tendonitis, an inflammation which restricted his running and jumping. Then, in the playoffs, against Atlanta, Reed was hit hard by Walt Bellamy—the man he had displaced in New York. Reed could average only 12 points through the playoffs; the Knicks lost in the semi-finals to Baltimore.

"I had an operation, and felt that everything would be all right," Willis recalled. "And then to find that the knee still hurt and that my career might possibly be over. . . ." He shook his head, remembering.

He had played the first six games of the 1971-72 season, but the knee wasn't right. He couldn't drive, couldn't jump, couldn't leap for the rebounds. After a 30-minute stint against Houston in late October, he sat out two weeks. Against Cincinnati, he played 12 minutes. Then, after a half against Golden State on November 11, he was taken out.

Reed did not play another game that season. Instead, he sat at the scorer's table in street clothes, watching the Knicks adjust to playing without him. Luckily for New York, Jerry Lucas had been acquired from the Warriors in the offseason for Cazzie Russell. Lucas moved into the pivot; and although at six-feet-eight he was small for a center, his remarkable shot from 20 feet and further, and his quick adjustment to the Knick offense helped New York reach the NBA finals. While the Knicks lost in five games to the Los Angeles Lakers, an injury to Dave DeBusschere left open the question of whether the Knicks without Reed might still have gone all the way. For Reed, the success of his team was clouded by uncertainty about his own future.

"I got paid," Willis said, "but I didn't want to be paid that way. An article came out about me taking over as coach and Red becoming general manager. I didn't *want* to coach. To play, that's where you have to have those special skills. It's such a special thing to get to be a professional basketball player.

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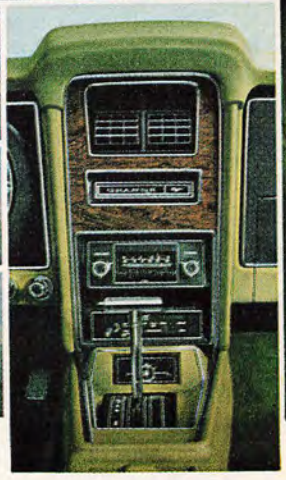
From top: Mustang Hardtop, Convertible, Mach I.



This luxurious Grandé interior is shown with optional arm rest/storage compartment.

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. . . I'm not about to give that away as long as I can offer something."

So in the spring of 1972, Willis Reed began the long road back. "My leg was put in a walking cast for six weeks, and I did semi-isometrics. Then I started with a weight-lifting program for my leg, up to about 35 pounds." By September, when training camp opened, Willis was running.

Although a thigh injury, unrelated to the tendonitis, kept Willis out of the first five games of the season, he was back with the Knicks, feeling his way back to the rhythm of the team, reviving the instincts he had not tested for almost a year. Watching him on the basketball court you could begin to make judgments about when—and whether—Willis would come all the way back. But talking with him, talking about him to teammates and rivals, you would realize that Reed had on his side an asset that did not show in statistics, or in battles for a rebound: The asset of a remarkable personality and character.

Now it was the Knicks' turn to move. Earl Monroe hit from the baseline, seemingly balancing himself on a mid-air platform. Then Reed got free, moving to the basket, taking DeBusschere's pass and laying it in. On defense, Willis kept his right shoulder against Abdul-Jabbar's left; from the courtside, you could see Reed's eyes peering intently over Kareem's shoulder, searching out the ball. While Kareem waited to drive or hook, Dave DeBusschere backed casually away from Bob Dandridge and threw his right hand at the ball, knocking it away from Abdul-Jabbar. The Knicks controlled, broke, and Frazier fired to DeBusschere who hit. New York scored ten straight points, cutting the lead to 14-13. The Bucks called a timeout and the Garden fans were standing already.

Willis Reed fits no mold. To describe him—and to suggest the reasons for the respect and affection in which he is held—is to echo the clichés of public relations men peddling the virtues of their clients. The words that make sense are curiously old-fashioned. They sound almost quaint in a time when sports is spelled with a $, when tax shelters count for more than 50 years of a city's loyalty, and when 19-year-olds pore over the details of income averaging and pension plans. The words for Willis Reed are words like endurance, pride, dignity, obligation and aristocratic.

He fits no ready pattern. He is wealthy; between his six-figure Knick salary, his summer basketball camp, his Harlem liquor store and other investments, he makes a few hundred thousand dollars a year. But his wealth is not flaunted. There is no $1.5 million home in the mountains of California, no llama rugs. There is instead a two-bedroom, $285-a-month apartment in Rego Park, Queens.

He is black, and his pride is intense. He once took a technical after shouting at a referee, explaining to a teammate, "That man told me to shut up. Nobody tells me to shut up." When a white policeman arrested Willis at gunpoint last summer, claiming Reed had threatened him when the policeman had stopped Reed's car, Willis spent time and money proving his innocence. But there is no sense of hostility, none of the stony silence of a Duane Thomas, the moodiness of a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the militancy of a Dock Ellis. He is instead unfailingly patient, outgoing. If a man who makes his living in the trench warfare of the basketball pivot can be called gentle, that is what Reed suggests.

He is single now, divorced from the woman he married in college, with a nine-year-old son and a six-year-old daughter who live with their mother in Louisiana. ("It wasn't another woman. It was this way of life, and the fact that I was going in directions she just did not want to follow.") He is attractive to women and not inclined toward celibacy. But there are no Joe Namath-Derek Sanderson exploits, no circular beds and clever innuendoes spread across the newspapers. Willis Reed's pleasures, like his politics and his personality, are essentially private. Indeed, among his deepest drives is a longing for solitude and tranquility.

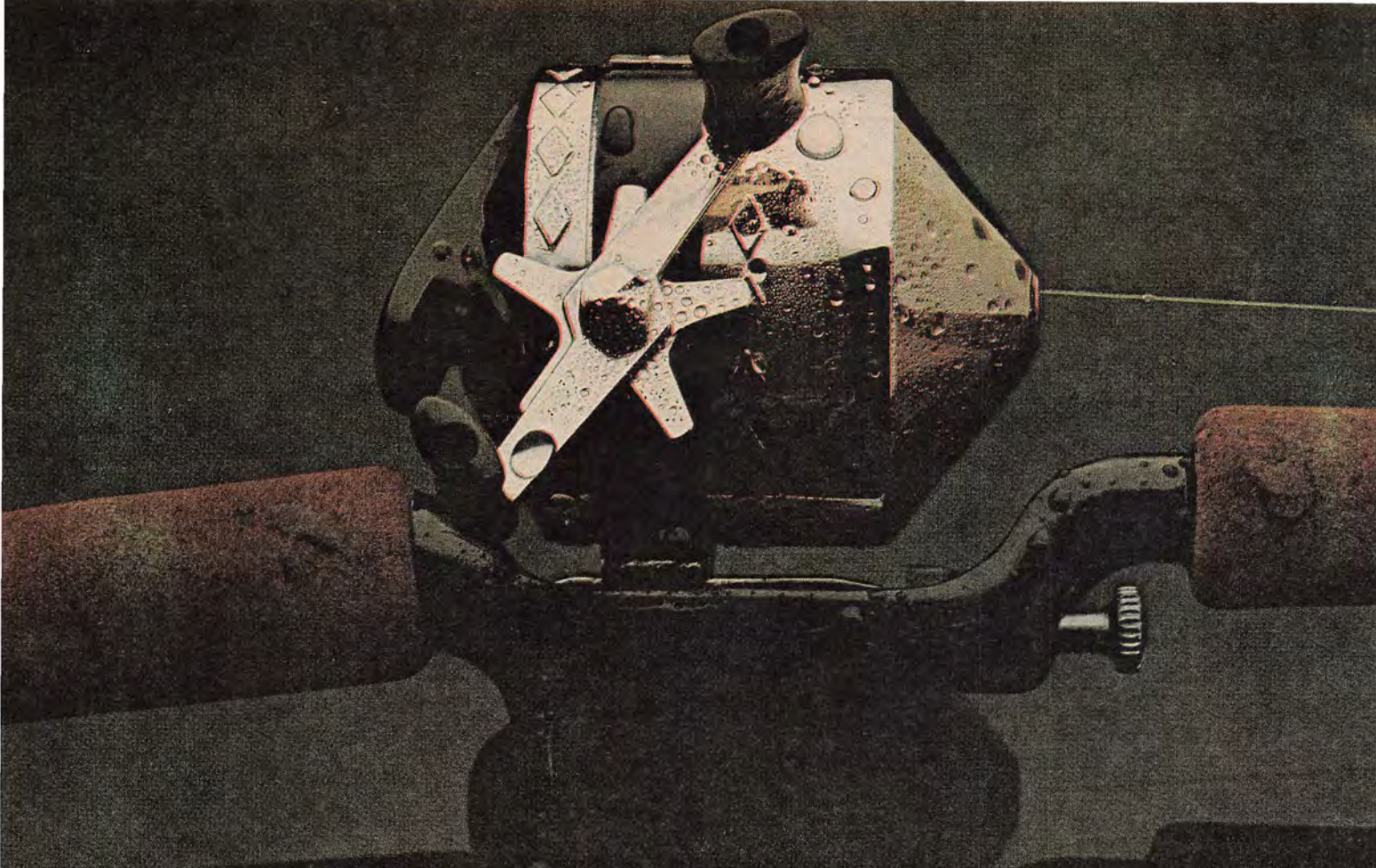
He talks with enthusiasm of his love of hunting. "I guess it's the thrill of being alone in the woods, a sense of being able to outwit game. And there's the beauty of game animals. The last two years I've been out West; bagged a white bear, black bear, antelope and elk.

"It isn't just shooting. I like to travel. Hunt, fish, camp out, live off the fat of the land." As we passed the oil refineries of New Jersey, Reed seemed to be talking about another world.

"Professional sports is a pressure cooker kind of business. You're always at airports, catching buses, three, four times a week. And that's not the kind of travel I like to do. I like to get in my jeep, pack a tent and camping gear, look at my map and just go . . . a week, a month, whatever I feel like. I look at the kids with their backpacks, and I think, 'They're so free.' Of course, they haven't got any responsibilities, either. But that's how I like to travel. At my pace, with no pressure."

New York City is not exactly Reed's ideal of where to live. "New York is a very angry town. No one trusts you, no one's friendly. If someone you pass on the street *is* friendly, you say to yourself, 'What does *he* want, what's his angle?"

Willis talks excitedly about a dairy farm he recently bought in Pennsylvania—276 acres of rolling hills and



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"Look," I finally said to Reed. "You seem to love hunting, traveling, rural life. But financially you could do that right now—as much as you wanted. Why do you play any more ball, if you can live the way you want to live?"

Willis frowned and shook his head. "That would be like leaving a job that's undone," he said. "I haven't played my career out, and I'll play until I haven't any more to give to the game. There are too many people now who don't make maximum use of their talents. They forgot what it was like going to bed not knowing if there'd be enough to get by on tomorrow. I wouldn't be satisfied getting paid the money I've gotten and not doing as well as I can."

The quarter ended on a note of promise for New York; with four seconds left, Bradley took a pass from Frazier and hit a jumper, giving the Knicks a 23-22 lead, their first lead of the night.

Perhaps the hex that had struck Milwaukee so often here in New York might be working again. And perhaps Reed might manage to neutralize Abdul-Jabbar's power, might muscle him away from the boards and open the middle. Perhaps.

The pursuit of excellence is a passion of Reed's. He plays with complete commitment; he respects it in those who play against him. Nate Thurmond, of the Golden State Warriors, is a player Reed admires for his level of play. But the basketball player Willis speaks of with the most obvious respect is Bill Russell, the ex-center and coach of the Boston Celtics.

"When I started playing seriously in high school, Bill was just starting to play pro ball. I was especially interested in him because, like me, he was from Louisiana, he was left-handed and he was a center."

Reed grinned suddenly, breaking into laughter.

"I remember, my first year in the pros, we went up to Boston. We called a timeout, and I told Eddie [Donovan, the Knick coach], 'I think I figured Russell out; I can handle him.' I noticed he wouldn't go for the first fake . . . you'd move and he'd just stand there. I figured I'd fake *twice*."

Reed laughed again. "So I go out there . . . and I go once—twice—and wham! Russell blocks the shot. Now I *really* had him figured out: You don't fake at *all*. You just go right up. So I go right up. Wham! Russell blocks it again! I told myself, 'I'm gonna make sure that *he's* over *there* when *I'm* over *here*.'

"Oh yeah, he was the top. He could block shots, rebound, play defense. And he was a *leader*. He had so much pride—he played to win."

It is this combination of qualities that gave Reed—playing at his peak—his stature. Beyond the basketball skills, Reed suggests a sense of absolute effort. "Our one indispensible man," DeBusschere called Willis in his book, *The Open Man*.

"Willis' leadership is substance, not a myth," says Bradley, whose political interests make him at least a quasi-authority on leadership. "Sometimes, leadership is not perceived even by the people who are being led. Willis has *perceived* leadership."

The fusion of Reed's own pride and his role as team leader sometimes has led to violence—on and off the court. In his second year in the NBA, playing against Atlanta, Willis suddenly became incensed at the rough play and single-handedly attacked the Hawk bench. One swing sent half the bench sprawling; the other half became disciples of non-violence.

"That's part of his leadership," Bradley says. "When there's a fight on the floor, Willis will be there to protect us. I know that sounds absurd because we're all big, but it's there. He's the guy who'll smash into Jabbar, to help open the game for the team. Without him, that doesn't happen."

The Knicks began the second quarter by widening their lead. Although Reed had not scored since sinking a lay-up in the first quarter, his picks were freeing Monroe and Bradley, and Willis was screening Kareem out under the Milwaukee boards. When he left the game midway in the second quarter, the Knicks had a 36-30 lead. When the first half ended, the score was tied at 42-all.

Statistically, the Reed-Abdul-Jabbar match-up was a rout: The Buck giant had 16 points and ten rebounds, to Reed's six points and five rebounds. But the strength and presence of Reed, the quality that had been absent for so long, was beginning to make itself felt.

"People who recognize me on the street ask me two things—the same two things—without fail," observed Phil Jackson. "First, 'Are ya gonna win tonight?' Second, 'How's Willis doing?' "

If the Knick forward could legitimately plead ignorance about the first question, a two-week period last November provided an uncertain answer to the second.

Statistically, Willis was far off his form. A combination of limited playing time and rustiness had cut Reed's scoring; his 7.0 scoring average was barely a third of his 20-point career average. A year away from the game had clouded Reed's instincts; he frequently bobbled passes, and got his hands on rebounds only to lose them into the hands of opponents. Most significantly, while Reed looked strong against weak opponents—he played 33 minutes and

scored 17 points against Portland—he seemed ineffectual against teams with established pivot men.

In Oakland on November 4, Nate Thurmond of the Warriors outfought Willis consistently. Five days later against the Atlanta Hawks in New York, Reed made his first start since November 11, 1971. He played almost the entire first half against Walt Bellamy, and, in their worst 24 minutes of the season, the Knicks fell behind, 57-34. Without having scored a single point, Willis sat on the bench in the second half as New York, with Jerry Lucas at center, stormed back to win, 101-99. Two days after the Atlanta game, he played only five minutes, again went scoreless, and watched Golden State win, 103-102.

While the state of Willis Reed's ability was of concern to fans and the team, it was not an urgent issue. Jerry Lucas was performing well at center; New York had lost to only two teams (the Warriors had beaten them twice), and a playoff spot seemed a certainty. Reed could take his time getting back, with no cost to the team.

That changed radically after the loss to Golden State, when Lucas came up with an injured ankle. For at least three games Reed would be on his own, with no one to spell him except the rookie Gianelli. "How's Willis doing?" became a question with a more anxious tone.

"He's not running downcourt as fast as he used to," said Nate Thurmond after the Warriors' overtime victory. "Three-quarters of Reed's points used to come from the inside—and the moves aren't there now. But it's just like anybody else—you know, Muhammad Ali's the greatest fighter in the world, but you lay off for three years, you got to wait for your timing to come back. I tell you, I really hope he makes it back." Connie Hawkins, the Phoenix Suns forward who nursed a bad leg while in the ABA, spoke of his own comeback. "A lot of it is up here," Hawkins said, pointing to his head. "I remember I'd find myself reacting with hesitation lots of times. A guy would bump my leg moving past me, and I'd jump. It takes a while."

Connie had some more thoughts after watching Willis score one of six baskets for a two-point total in 29 minutes of play. "He blocked a lot of shots," Hawkins commented, "and he played a decent game. But he's not the Willis Reed he used to be. He can't seem to make the moves anymore. He used to have this fake, where he'd get down low, and then get free for the jump. You've got to go in traffic, and he's not going yet."

Coach Red Holzman was philosophical. "His shooting is improving, but it's still not where it should be," Holzman said one day after practice at the Pace College gym. "He's coming along, but to remove all doubt, he's got to keep doing it. I tend to be optimistic about it. I think he's on his way back. Remember, Willis is a guy with lots and lots of pride. When he was healthy, he was a superstar. So the standard for him is a lot higher than for somebody else. But we know what he did—and we think we know what he can do."

In the third quarter, the Bucks broke the game wide open. Abdul-Jabbar's hook shot over Reed 14 seconds into the second half foreshadowed what was to come. In the first 4:13 of the third quarter, only Frazier's jump-shot put any points on the Knick side of the scoreboard. Once Kareem, standing alone under the basket, sent the backboard shuddering with a stuff. When Reed left, after committing his fourth personal foul, Milwaukee held a 58-48 lead.

Three and a half minutes later, the lead had grown to 70-50. At one point, Abdul-Jabbar leaped from the lane like some prehistoric beast rising from the primordial slime; the right hand rose, clutching the ball easily, firing it downward on a hook straight through the hoop. And on the Knick bench, right leg drawn up, left leg stretched full length, chin on fist, Willis Reed watched the most important test of the year slipping silently, certainly away from him.

You could see the hesitation: Reed, taking a pass in the pivot, faked Walt Bellamy, then held up, just long enough for the path to the basket to close. Reed, holding up while the crowd screamed, "Drive!" or "Shoot!" or "Go, Willis!"—faking left, right, left and then passing off. Reed, holding the ball over his head, suddenly whipping a pass to the baseline—which bounced out of bounds as Earl Monroe did not break.

Rustiness? Or something more permanent, beyond the capacity of will to overcome? Willis Reed was past 30 now, and in the compressed lifespan of athletics that is to be past middle age. It is a time when the body begins to betray its promises of youth, a time when the infinite resilience and boundless energy start to become less dependable certainties.

How long would it take for Willis to fully regain his own confidence, to regain it at the level of instinct, where the mind confirms the body's capacity to leap, jump, shoot, drive? What if the continuing hesitations and mistakes spawned new doubts in Reed's mind? What if the lost year and the loss of youth convinced Reed that he could no longer meet his own high standards?

After each game, he would sit on his stool in the New York locker room, an ice pack held to his left knee, as he methodically stripped the tape off his feet. He was usually the last Knick to strip off his uniform and shower; he answered the questions of reporters quietly, assessing himself with detachment.

"I'm not shooting as well as I should be. . . . I understand what Red's doing, Lucas played real well to-

night. . . . Offense is a very delicate thing; you have to be sharp to the nth degree. . . . It's all a question of getting back into the flow of the game."

Only once in the early weeks of the season did he betray a flash of impatience. After a five-minute stint in the losing effort against Golden State, he began to speak of sitting on the bench, watching his team lose in overtime. "It's frustrating, just sitting here," Willis said. "You have to have that playing time to get back into the game. . . ." He stopped, shrugged.

Two nights before he was to face Abdul-Jabbar, the newsmen crowded around his locker, asking him again and again: Are you ready for Kareem? Can you stop him? After ten minutes of this, Willis finally looked up. "It's part of my job. If I had my way, I'd go out and play against junior high school kids."

Willis came back into the game with 8:10 to play and New York down, 80-64; and while he managed to slip by Abdul-Jabbar for a reverse lay-in, Kareem came back with his unstoppable hook from the lane. With 5:50 left, Dandridge hit a jumper and the score was 86-68—an 18-point Milwaukee lead with less than six minutes to go. Only a miracle could save New York—and Reed—from losing their first critical test of the season.

You get a glimpse of Reed's strong sense of personal values when you talk to him about money. He has it, and he works to keep it, reading about real estate and tax shelters and the wider world. ("I got a stake in this country now. What happens affects me —and my money.") But, like a true aristocrat, he is skeptical about sudden wealth, and fully aware of the fusion of talent and fate that brought him from hauling hay and picking cotton in rural Louisiana to affluence.

"I had no idea I'd ever be making this much money," Reed said over a cheeseburger at a Howard Johnson's on the New Jersey turnpike. "I used to think, 'If I could ever make $25,000 or $50,000 a year. . . .' That's the most I ever hoped for.

"I was good. But I was also lucky. I always tell kids and their parents, 'Don't push to become a professional athlete. There's so few of them . . . the possibility of becoming one is so remote.'

"Look," Reed said. "Think of how many kids are in high schools right now, dreaming of playing in the pros. Think of how many of them will never even go to college, much less play on a team. O.K. Now think of those that get to college. How many of them will ever get a look from the pros? It's like watching traffic in New York, with 300 cars trying to get into the same place. There's a guy in high school now who may really be good, but he's going to find he's not so great, because there's another kid who's been practicing harder. That's why in the long run professional athletics is a losing proposition."

He talked about the way athletic skills can turn a poor man into a rich man with astonishing speed. "Because I make more money than the garbage collector, that doesn't mean I'm better. One of the things that's wrong is that big businessmen and big criminals wear good suits, have nice homes and they're doing more to hurt people than the guy who goes into a store and sticks it up for bread 'cause he's hungry.

"I came from a home as poor as anybody could be. If I could ever forget that, I wouldn't be very much of a human being."

Reed knows, too, that the skills which have won him affluence will not last forever.

"There are certain tastes I have *not* acquired. I don't *want* to acquire them. And I don't like to buy on credit. So if I don't make that much a few years from now, it won't be the end of the world."

It began when Earl Monroe drove for a lay-up and was fouled by Lucius Allen. After the three-point play, the Knicks intercepted a Bob Dandridge pass and Frazier drove for the basket. It was 86-73, but less than five minutes remained. Suddenly, it was the Bucks who could not score, and Willis Reed was putting his bulk against Abdul-Jabbar's back, forcing him out beyond the 16-foot line, beyond the limit of his shooting accuracy. Frazier hit again on a jumper, and then Bradley fed Monroe. The Buck offense faltered; Frazier forced a Robertson fumble, and Earl Monroe hit again. Then Chuck Terry was tied up; New York controlled the tap, and DeBusschere sank a 20-foot one-hander from the right. Suddenly, with 2:23 left in the game, Milwaukee's lead was down to 86-81. Milwaukee called time and the Garden shook with the crowd's roar, as Reed slapped his teammates on the back and clenched his fist.

"Everybody wants to know what I'm going to do when I stop playing. In the first place, I'm not ready to stop playing. In the second place, I don't know. I do know I'd like to be involved in something that would . . ." He looked for the right words ". . . something that would be important."

He seems indifferent to coaching, but Reed has the instincts of a teacher. He makes it a practice to room with rookies on the road. "He'll spend a lot of time helping me out," says Henry Bibby, the Knicks' third-round draft choice from UCLA. "We live near each other, and we drive home from practice together. Willis'll talk about what we're doing right and wrong."

"You wanna know what kind of guy Willis Reed is?"

asks Henry Schroeder, who works at the Madison Square Garden press lounge and spends a part of his summer working at Reed's summer camp. "Most of the guys who work at his camp are college kids, who want to try and make the pros. Willis watches them, and after the last scrimmage each day, he'll come back to the gym with one kid—who's really worked hard—and he'll spend two hours teaching him moves under the basket. He's one of the few guys who runs a basketball camp who's really there, all the time."

Reed's affection for kids is genuine. He gives 18 scholarships to his basketball camp in the summer, and he has spent time promoting New York's Police Basketball League, where street kids can compete in tournaments.

If Reed's future lies in part in teaching (he was a physical education major with a minor in biology at Grambling), it also lies in part with the land. An hour before he was to face Milwaukee and Kareem, he was showing a stack of color snapshots of his Pennsylvania property.

"Here's the road that marks the property line. . . . Here's where I plan to put the house. . . . We're going to put a lake there. . . ." He looked at the fall foliage, the sloping hills, the snapshots of himself and friends displaying their fishing catches.

"It's quite a piece of property," he sighed. He put the pictures in his travel bag and laced up his sneakers, getting ready to go out and play basketball against Abdul-Jabbar.

Some of the fans were standing now as time went back in. The Bucks could not move the ball inside as Reed kept forcing Abdul-Jabbar out. Reed took the rebound off a long missed shot, passed to Bradley, who fed Monroe at the right of the key. The shot never touched the rim as it zipped through. The score now 86-83, Reed was hawking Abdul-Jabbar, daring him to drive or shoot. Kareem's shot missed, and Reed took the rebound again. Frazier dribbled downcourt, shot, missed. Bradley picked up the ball in a crowd, fed Frazier who drove and was fouled, barely missing a three-point play. As Clyde stepped to the line it sounded as if 19,694 people were moaning with anticipation. Frazier hit both fouls. Milwaukee called time out. Then it was Robertson in-bounding.

A whistle. Earl Monroe, battling for position with Lucius Allen, had pushed too hard. And because the foul came before the pass-in, it was a two-shot foul—two shots which could win the game.

The fans started hollering, screaming, seeking to impose the jinx that almost never worked. Allen's first freethrow bounced off the rim. Now there was a chance for overtime. Allen shot again. The ball hit the rim and dropped off. And from the right of the lane, Willis Reed swooped under the basket, controlling the ball with his left hand, landing, turning, giving the ball to Frazier. A pass to Monroe. A jump-shot. Cleanly through. The Knicks led, 87-86, with 36 seconds left. The Bucks gave up the ball again—with 26 seconds to go. But somehow, between the now-intolerable crowd noise and their determination to hold the ball as long as possible, the Knicks never shot. Bradley was still looking for room when the 24-second buzzer sounded with two seconds left in the game.

Everyone in the Garden knew what the last play of the game would be: A long in-bounds pass to Abdul-Jabbar as close to the basket as possible. And there was Willis Reed, forcing the Buck center outside, using the muscle and the presence that were supposed to be gone. With Phil Jackson windmilling in front of Lucius Allen, the pass reached Kareem more than 15 feet from the basket. His hook wasn't even close—and the buzzer sounded.

The crush around Reed's locker suggested the announcement of a Presidential candidacy. In between the questions and the whoops of joy from the Knicks, unbelieving players and writers swapped statistics. Yes, the Bucks did not score a point in the last five minutes and 50 seconds. Yes, New York had scored the last 19 points of the game. Yes, it was now nine straight victories at the Garden against one of the strongest teams in NBA history.

And over and over, Reed answered the same questions now with barely contained satisfaction. No, I wasn't getting too tired toward the end. Yes, my main point was to keep Abdul-Jabbar at least a foot further out from the three-second lane, where he likes to shoot.

"It was not just a victory for the Knicks," Frazier said. "It was a big victory for Willis."

Sometime later, when the press had gone, Reed sat with his ice pack on his left knee, slowly pulling the tape from his feet. Friends were waiting: A post-game drink at a nearby restaurant, conversation, relaxation.

Reed smiled.

"Tomorrow I'm going hunting, up in Westchester. Quail, pheasant. Deer-hunting season opens Wednesday. This'll be the first time I'll miss it in a long time. But maybe I can manage to get in a day of deer hunting sometime next week."

As Reed's thoughts left the arena of the job he has, the job he means to do better than anyone else, toward the arena of private ease, the ghost of F. Scott Fitzgerald may have been re-thinking his maxim. For while the timing needed work, and the blocking wasn't quite right, it looked as if the curtain was starting to rise on Willis Reed's second act.

(*Continued from page 57*)
schoolboy catcher, but quit baseball to concentrate on his football. And he developed fast as a running quarterback, running for 761 yards and passing for 2295 yards in two seasons. He made Junior College All-America, and the senior colleges came after him with scholarship offers.

He turned down his dad's old school, Michigan, and Texas, among others, and had about settled on Oklahoma until coach Rodgers told him UCLA was switching to the Wishbone. "I felt it was a formation which best suited my talents and I was happy to be able to play it at a good school in my hometown where I want to work and live the rest of my life," Mark explains. He stepped right in and won the regular role from Mark Scribner and several veterans with a spectacular spring intrasquad game in which he passed for 250 yards and ran for 74. Then he started this season with his sensational showing in the upset of Nebraska.

From that high point, he went on to lead UCLA to an 8-3 record, which placed them second in the PAC 8 to the University of Southern California. Mark finished the year with 444 yards gained rushing and 574 passing. He scored seven touchdowns himself and passed for six others. His father's statistics may have been more impressive, but Mark established himself as a slick and inspirational leader.

Six feet tall and 185 pounds, Mark was an inch shorter and ten pounds lighter than his dad in his playing days, and he was not nearly as great a player. But he was a good player, getting better.

"I don't consider myself a super passer," Mark says. "Or a super runner. Not like Dad. We have this one film of all 33 touchdowns he scored at Michigan and it's fun to watch. There's one run that stands out in my mind. And it's one of the shorter ones, about five yards. He cuts to the left, is hit hard and knocked off his feet. For a moment, both his feet are in the air. But he lands on his feet, maintains his balance and runs right into the end zone. He was big and strong and he had better balance and better timing than any runner I ever saw. I can't copy that. So I do the best I can. What I want to be is a balanced player like Beban."

His coach, Pepper Rodgers, likens Mark less to his father than to Beban, who won the Heisman Trophy at UCLA in 1967, but never starred as a pro. "He handles himself the same way and has the same sort of personality," drawls Rodgers. "He's no specialist, but he's versatile. He has great character and dedication. He's a natural leader. He works hard, is bright and learns fast. The Wishbone is tricky to run, but he's picking it up fast. I've never been around a young man who improved as fast. I believe his daddy has done a great job of raising him right. In fact, the whole family is super-fine. His mother sells more tickets to our games than anyone else."

Tom and Elyse Harmon are likely candidates for the record for long-running Hollywood marriages. Oldest daughter Kris married Rick Nelson and played the part of his wife in the *Ozzie and Harriet* television series for a while. Rick started to sing and became a pop idol even before the series ended its long run. This season, Ozzie and Harriet returned with a new series without Rick or older brother David, a director now. The boys are buddies of Mark's and the Nelsons all go to his games. The Harmons' younger daughter, Kelly, married John DeLorean, one of General Motors' fastest-rising executives, but they have separated.

Kelly used to date Beban. Mark used to wait outside in hopes that the UCLA star would work with him on his football. Mark says, "It's funny, but Dad was *then* and Gary was *now*. My father was my father and Gary was my hero. I remember the first Sunday he was coming over I got a friend to toss the ball with me out front figuring Gary might join us. He walked right by, saying, 'Football on Sunday? You're crazy.' I was very upset. But he came back to work with me even after he stopped dating Kelly. He straightened out my passing and taught me more than anyone."

The Harmons, who have tried to keep some perspective in their own lives, now try to keep their son in perspective.

"I watch him in games," Tom says, "but I've got to be careful I'm not watching him when the play I should be calling is somewhere else. I think for his experience he's exceptional, but I don't care if he's not the best. I've told him it's a game, not the holy grail, and if he doesn't have fun with it, there's no point to it. People seem to think if a college player doesn't go on to the pros he's a failure, but the college experience is enough in itself.

"My main problem broadcasting his games is not bending over backwards where he's concerned. My main worry is not what I say but what people will read into what I say. Coaches often coach their sons. Press Maravich coached his son at LSU. Right now John McKay and Bob Boyd are coaching their sons at USC. And I'm sure these situations present special problems. But they still don't have to sound off about their son in public a couple of hours every week. I imagine my situation is unique."

Tom's wife can find humor in the unique situation. "At first Tom often avoided calling Mark by name on the air," Elyse says. "He called him 'The Quarterback' so often I suggested we start calling him 'The Quarterback' at home: 'Hey, Quarterback, would you go to the store and get your mom some milk?' Well, I barely knew a football from a foot when I met Tom. I went to Traphagen School of Fashion and Design in New York. No, they didn't have a football team. I modelled and landed in the movies. I got only a few fair roles.

"After marriage and motherhood, I never missed acting. I missed not having seen Tom in his glory days. I wouldn't miss a minute of Mark's games now. Mrs. Beban told me she went to all Gary's home games, but seldom saw him play because she always wound up walking nervously around the tunnel. Well, I stay in my seat and suffer. When Gary got knocked out of the Michigan game (UCLA lost to the father's alma mater, 26-9, when Mark got a knee in the head on the first play of the game and sat out the rest), oh, wow, it scared me half to death. Oh, it's great fun."

Elyse concedes that Mark just may follow in her footsteps instead of Tom's. "He has the looks and personality and way of expressing himself that would work in acting," she says.

"Or he might follow Tom, if not into pro football, into broadcasting. At one time he wanted to be a doctor. So did Tom, originally. I'd say Mark could do almost anything he wanted to do. He's a super son with super potential. I might also say I do not see any need for me to be impartial about him, as Tom does."

Beban couldn't cut it with the pros. Mark, who is much like him, without

an awesome arm or exceptional speed, says he could care less about his own pro prospects. Indeed, he says he really might follow his father into broadcasting or his mother into acting. And if he finds he can carry a tune, he might even follow his brother-in-law into singing. He looks as if he could play any of these parts.

The L.A. *Herald-Examiner* commented: "When he comes out to the practice field, it looks like a movie set. Your first instinct is that he has arrived from the Screen Actors Guild to impersonate a quarterback."

Mark flinches at the possibilities, but admits, "I might go that way. I've seen *Harmon of Michigan* on TV and I must say I might top Dad there. He was a better player than he was an actor. But he's the best of the broadcasters. I've seen some of Mom's movies on TV. Let's just say she's a great mom. It's hard to tell what kind of an actress she is in Abbott and Costello movies. The biggest scene I've seen her in she was being carried off by a mummy."

The mother had it easy. The son is playing a much tougher role—and, so far, he seems to be carrying it off. ■

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VICTORY IS OURS IN THE MARATHON . . .

(*Continued from page* 45)

Shorter to Pheidippedes' fate; it almost killed him. He was on a training run through the hills of Rancho de Taos, New Mexico—where his father had transferred his medical practice from affluent Connecticut—when he saw a gang of punks harassing some girls along the roadside. He intervened and in the struggle that followed, the girls escaped. As soon as Shorter was sure they were safe, he felt an urgent need to resume his training run—with the marauders, having found a new target, in close pursuit.

"I had already run 15 miles that day and was very tired," he says, "but suddenly I found a great deal of energy. They had a car and tried to drive close enough so they could get out and trap me in a gully."

Nonchalantly, Shorter just trotted on, a few feet off the road. Everytime the gang stopped their car and piled out to chase him, Frank accelerated his pace, leaving them gasping for breath, sprawled helplessly a quarter of a mile behind.

"Finally I made it to a store and got some help," Frank recalls. "For a week or two afterwards, my father followed me in a truck with his gun."

He never considered altering his training route. No threat was going to intimidate him. He would run—even if his father had to ride shotgun. This dogged determination to do what he thinks is necessary, in the face of all obstacles, has transformed him more than once into a target for controversy. During a winter cross-country championship, Shorter risked the ridicule of his competitors by wearing panty-hose to ward off the cold. At the 1971 Pan-American games at Cali, Colombia, along with several other American athletes he risked being ostracized by the U.S. track establishment by walking out of the team's noisy, insect-infested quarters and installing himself in a hotel. When the U.S. officials in attendance threatened reprisals, Shorter countered in a voice loud enough to wake up city editors in Honolulu that the officials were wallowing in the plushest accommodations available. Overnight the threat of reprisals withered away.

"The people who get upset about my image, I don't care about them," Shorter says. "They need to be shook up a little bit more anyway."

At Munich, however, events were such that no one needed a Frank Shorter to spark controversy. After finishing fifth in the 10,000 meters, in the early stages of the marathon even Shorter was wading through chaos. "I had gone to extra trouble to make sure my containers were marked for placement at the refreshment stations along the course," he recalls. "I drink de-carbonated cola and I considered it very important to have it at two critical stations. You guessed it," he adds, "they showed up at all but the two most important stations.

"There was also a mixup at one of the earlier stations. I was reaching for my container when suddenly an Ethiopian grabbed it. By reflex, I picked up the next one, which happened to belong to a teammate, Kenny Moore. I realized that I couldn't hand it to him because that would be 'aiding a runner' and against the rules. I really got mad at the Ethiopian then. I sprinted the 15 yards between us and grabbed the bottle away before he could drink it."

The confusion was compounded by pain. "I got blisters from the tape I

use on my arches," he says. "I started feeling them very early, the first seven miles or so. But I stopped thinking about them, and when I took off my shoes, the tape had held all the blood. I didn't even get my shoes messed up."

But these were minor impediments for someone who had been running 125 miles per week for years. As the seven-mile mark approached, Shorter had good position and felt strong. One of the oldest traditions in marathoning is that the race is always won or lost in the last six miles. All he had to do was hold the pace and plan for a strong finish.

But Frank Shorter is more apt to shatter a tradition than submit to it. Someone had told him he couldn't win a big marathon by breaking away early, so at the seven-mile mark he sprinted away. "I would say I was running a 4:40 mile pace or better when I broke away," he says. "From then on, it was just a matter of running as fast and hard as I could to keep that margin."

It wasn't a conventional tactic, but it worked.

After the Olympics, Frank resumed his law studies. He intends to continue running competitively as long as he's still having "fun." Having "fun" means jogging ten miles a day with his wife, Louise. Having "fun" also means avoiding the hypocrisies of Munich. "The Finnish modern pentathlon team should have been disqualified because they flunked their tranquilizer tests, for example," he argues. "But they weren't; as a result, the U.S. didn't get the bronze medal. Compare that with their taking away Rick DeMont's swimming medal because of his asthma medicine. That's what I call selective enforcement."

But nothing can tarnish that gold medal—or the nights spent sipping beer after days invested studying torts and contracts. Frank Shorter is content. He set a goal for himself and achieved it—and without succumbing to the egomania that often contaminates our medal-winners. After receiving the "keys to the city" in Middletown, New York (where he spent the first 20 years of his life), Shorter —with characteristic understatement —told an assembly of 400 people that winning the 26 mile, 385-yard race wasn't as easy as it looked.

"I wish Pheidippedes had dropped after the 22nd mile," he said. ■

O.J. RUNS AGAIN

(*Continued from page* 62)

have any illusions. I've used football to make a lot of money and a good life for myself, and I know that football will use me. So whatever I get, I've got to get on my own." In other words, O.J. has stopped pushing buttons and waiting for good things to happen; he has begun to take matters into his own hands.

"In my first years in Buffalo," he says, "I was always looking around for someone to lead us. I talked about becoming the team leader myself, but somehow I didn't believe I could do it. My idea of a leader was a guy who gave inspirational pep talks and yelled a lot. Now I realize that a leader in the pros doesn't have to fit a mold. He's just got to gain everybody's confidence and respect. I can do that—and I'd be stupid to avoid it and wait for somebody else to do it for me."

As the Bills' captain, Simpson now utilizes his popularity, sense of humor and determination and ability on the field to help Saban in bringing cohesion to a team that was torn by dissension only a year ago. "I used to think about how I'd like to be with more of my old friends from L.A. or San Francisco," says O.J. "But Lou told me, 'Your best friends should be the guys you play with'—and he's right. That's what football is about. When we get through, some cats might be businessmen and others might be pimps hustling on the street. Maybe we'll never see each other again. But for now, we've got to be close."

Interestingly, Simpson has also transformed his own highly publicized wealth from a source of friction into a means of helping his teammates. "I used to be self-conscious about my outside interests," he says. "I didn't want to offend the veterans who were making much less. But now I look around and see young guys who are just getting screwed when it comes to money, and I have to speak out and help them if I can. I mean, I can afford the best tax advice and use all the legal ways to save myself money each year; some guy making $20,000 doesn't get that advice—and he pays more taxes than he should. Then you've got some agents who take a guy making $20,000 and tell him he needs tax shelters, like oil wells or cattle ranches. Now I know that a guy at that salary needs a good accountant to help him save his money and pay as little tax as he can —not a lawyer who'll buy him a lot of cows someplace. It's up to me to tell the guys that."

Simpson recently inaugurated a series of meetings among some of the Bills and a Buffalo accountant, who explained some intricacies of tax law to the athletes. The players seemed impressed at the gathering, and some were open-mouthed with wonder as O.J. pitched in to help the accountant explain income averaging or deductible expenses. Clearly, this was a very different man from the rookie whose financial acumen had consisted largely of waiting for the weekly call from Chuck Barnes with the report on how his investments were doing. It was also a strikingly modern type of football captain—one who could bring athletes and management together with sound financial thinking instead of locker room oratory.

Barnes, the energetic money manager who leads Sports Headliners, Inc., in Los Angeles, still handles a number of Simpson's endorsement contracts and business investments, but O.J. has taken an increasing interest in managing his own affairs.

"I'm fascinated with the business world," O.J. says. He and his close friend Al Cowlings, the Bills' defensive end, have formed their own corporation to venture into real estate and construction, and O.J. is anxious to enter other fields in which he can participate beyond the mere investment or collection of his cash.

If Simpson has found a renewed sense of purpose amid the chaos of Buffalo in recent years, he stands in sharp contrast to some of his less fortunate teammates. Perhaps the most puzzling case is quarterback Dennis Shaw, who showed such promise as the AFC Rookie of the Year in 1970. The next season, Shaw reacted to adversity by revealing an uncanny ability to alienate everyone around him. When the Bills lost their opener, 49-37, a reporter asked Shaw what had gone wrong. Dennis replied loudly, "Don't ask the *offense* what went wrong." Having angered the entire defense in one phrase, he later criticized both his blockers and his running backs—leaving the clear impression that the only athlete on that 1-13 squad who was doing very little wrong was the quarterback.

Before camp began in 1972, one of the few local newspapermen who had defended Shaw encountered him

in a Buffalo restaurant and sent a drink to his table. Shaw sent it back, grumbling, "I don't talk to writers anymore." Saban did talk to Shaw shortly afterward—in extremely firm terms. He made it clear that as soon as Dennis began deviating from Saban's system—which would strongly emphasize Simpson's running—his job would be in jeopardy. Shaw responded by sticking doggedly to game plans and playing well enough in spurts to arouse Buffalo hopes that their rebuilding process will not require the breaking in of another new quarterback.

As much as Simpson helped himself this past season, a major share of the credit goes to Saban, who has proven to the Bills—against all the evidence of recent years—that there is such a thing as solid, fair-minded coaching in the NFL. Saban left the Bills after leading them into several championship games in the mid-1960s, and met with limited success at the University of Maryland and then with the Denver Broncos. Back in Buffalo, however, he is again trying to project the image of a winner. In fact, there is something about his blunt, down-to-earth style that seems peculiarly suited to that cold, gray workingman's town—and even players like Simpson, who had no firsthand knowledge of Saban's previous years in Buffalo, have quickly accepted him as the answer to their countless problems.

Saban, of course, could hardly help but improve on his immediate predecessors. Simpson's first coach in Buffalo was John Rauch, a tense, quiet man who had special reasons for trying to superimpose his will on everyone connected with the Bills. Rauch came from Oakland, where he had coached the Raiders to the best record in football—and received almost no credit: It was an open secret in the NFL that Oakland dictator Al Davis called all the shots and used his coach as a mere puppet. In Buffalo, Rauch was determined to build an empire that no one could question—and he bristled at anyone who seemed vaguely qualified to share some of the fans' attention.

Rauch was undeniably a skilled judge of talent, and his draft choices included Cowlings and J. D. Hill, who has now recovered from an injury to rank among the best receivers in football. But Rauch had a remarkable knack for antagonizing players, front office personnel and the press—and his use of some athletes was widely second-guessed. Cowlings, for example, was a very quick and dangerous pass rusher; he was assigned to "read run" before he could unleash a real charge at the passer. Then there was a veteran receiver named Bobby Crockett, who earned the admiration of the whole team in one game against Kansas City by consistently catching and holding passes while getting creamed by the likes of Bobby Bell and Willie Lanier. At the next team film session, Rauch astounded his audience by grumbling, "Crockett, you can't let them get such a clear shot at you."

Above all, there was the case of Simpson, a man who came to the Bills with a scouting report that was hardly a secret: As a blocker, he was inexperienced; as a pass receiver, he was just fair; as a runner, he was possibly the greatest who had ever come out of college. Rauch responded by assigning O.J. to do a lot of blocking and receiving—and allowing him to run with the ball about a dozen times a game.

Rauch was abruptly fired just before the 1971 season when he railed violently against some of the Bills' most respected veterans, then refused owner Ralph Wilson's demand that he apologize. Unfortunately, the firing came too late to allow Wilson a chance to find an outsider to coach, so the job was turned over to poor, likeable Harvey Johnson, the Bills' director of personnel.

Nobody around the Bills could dislike Harv Johnson; but nobody could take him very seriously as a coach. The best thing that can be said about his year in charge was that the Bills lost week after week—and were able to laugh through most of their travails. The Bills smiled to themselves each Sunday as Harvey began his pep talks, solemnly informing his hopeless last-place club: "I don't have to tell you guys how big this game is. . . ." They chuckled fondly when he asked them on the sidelines, "Hey, what was that play we used last week?" And they thoroughly enjoyed his company at functions like the crippled children's benefit, when he had several cocktails, looked sadly at the unfortunate kids around him, and philosophized, "Look at these kids, these poor kids. This shows that there's a lot worse things in life than losing football games. I'm going to

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tell Ralph Wilson about this. . . ."

"You had to like Harv," says Simpson, "and you had to learn to laugh —just to keep your sanity. Because we were really losers. We went out there each week knowing that we'd find some new way to blow the game."

Saban wasted no time in ending both the laughter and the losing convictions of the Bills. When athletes showed him inadequate effort in training camp, he snapped, "What else can you do? Is there another job that will pay you as well as football? You better think about taking it." He was similarly candid about good players, and he quietly reassured several players, including Simpson, that in return for their hard work, he would soon patch the painfully obvious holes in both the offensive and defensive lines. With trades and shrewd selections from the waiver lists, Saban quickly fulfilled that promise. And though injuries negated some of the Bills' progress, the athletes remain confident that Saban can indeed build a winning team. "Sure we still have holes to fill," says O.J. "But we also have a guy who knows where they are and will be able to fill them."

One example of the Saban method came when he introduced the Bills' wide receivers to one staple of his running attack, the crack-back block. Before Saban arrived, several Bills had assumed the crack-back was some sort of injury; one end in particular, the talented Haven Moses, experienced grave problems in accepting a role as a blocker. "See that No. 32 run," Saban would shout during films of a Simpson touchdown. "He can make you a lot of money, Haven. He can make us all a lot of money. But somebody's got to block for him." When Moses still seemed hesitant, he found himself on the bench; by midseason, Saban had gotten his message across to all —Moses was traded.

After one defeat, Saban locked the dressing room door and stormed through the room for ten minutes; to reporters outside, it seemed that he was still ranting over a questionable official's call. "No, it wasn't the official," Simpson explained later. "That call may have cost us the game, but what Lou was mad about was that once the game was blown, we gave up another meaningless touchdown. It was a loss of concentration, something that happens to losers. And Lou just isn't going to let many things like that happen to us."

More disappointments undoubtedly lie ahead before Saban and Simpson can lead the Bills to a contending position. But there will be good days, too, like the ones that finally catapulted O.J. toward the top of the conference rushing standings. And there will be no more laughter or pity around the Bills; no longer will observers mutter, "Poor O.J., if only he'd been with a good team." And more important, the new, self-assured O.J. Simpson will never flirt with such wistful thoughts. His future, he knows now, is in Buffalo.

"When I was a rookie," O.J. recalls, "I really thought that five years in pro ball would be enough. But I have no limits like that in my mind now. I feel like I've just wasted the last few years—and now it's all in front of me." ■

THE ROOKIE WHO ROUSED THE RED SOX

(*Continued from page* 53)

minors. Six months in the service kept him out of the 1967 season altogether. He hit .338 at Waterloo in the Midwest League in 1968, but played only 62 games. Not once in the next three seasons, at Pittsfield, Pawtucket and Louisville, did he hit anywhere near .300.

Still, Fisk might have reached Boston before 1972 if Dick Williams had not been fired as Red Sox manager in 1969. Williams might have promoted Fisk on the strength of an incident at Winter Haven, Florida, in the spring of 1969.

Williams called all the catchers together one day to see who could go the longest without missing a pop foul. One after another dropped out as Williams hit fouls with a fungo bat. When Fisk was the last survivor, Williams said, "I'll keep hitting them until you drop one."

"That's O.K. with me," Fisk said. "But you might be here all day."

During his abbreviated first season at Waterloo, Fisk had one moment that could have been embarrassing and another that was. One morning he overslept and missed the team bus to Appleton, Wisconsin, 360 miles away. He decided to hitch-hike when he couldn't find public transportation that would get him to Appleton on time. Picked up by a youth heading for Chicago to join the Navy, Fisk persuaded the young man to drive him to Appleton in return for gas and food. Fisk reached the ballpark 20 minutes before his team. Standing at the entrance of the locker room in uniform, he asked Rac Slider, the manager, what had kept everyone.

"I got off cheap," Fisk recalls. "It would have cost 25 or 50 bucks in fines to miss the game. Gas and food for the guy who took me was less than ten."

Until Dissension Day, Fisk considered another Waterloo incident the most embarrassing of his whole career. Catching a game against Burlington, he walked out to the pitcher, with the bases full and nobody out, and said, "If the ball goes to you, throw home and we'll get two."

The ball went to the pitcher who threw home and then Fisk threw to first for the doubleplay. Fisk promptly ran to the dugout and started to take off his equipment.

"Hey," Slider said, "there's only two out."

"Three," Fisk said.

"Two," said the manager "Get out there quick."

When it dawned on Fisk that Slider was right, he hastily strapped his equipment back on and returned to his position. A slight lie by John Brett, the Waterloo third baseman, saved the situation. When Brett saw Fisk leave the field, he said to the third-base umpire, "He asked for time out." Everyone, including the umpire and two base-runners, went to sleep long enough for Fisk to return before any damage was done.

Unhappily for Fisk, most of the Red Sox front office was in the stands. Among the witnesses to his lapse of memory were general manager Dick O'Connell, player personnel director Haywood Sullivan, farm director Neil Mahoney and special scout Sam Mele.

After the game, Mele said to Fisk, "I don't know how you guys play ball in New Hampshire, but in organized ball we play three outs to an inning."

Mele's comment was unfair—mostly because it isn't really clear whether Fisk should be considered from New Hampshire, or from Vermont. His home was always in Charlestown, New Hampshire, but Fisk was born in

Bellows Falls, Vermont, because that was the nearest hospital. He played American Legion ball in Bellows Falls because Charlestown had no Legion team. He attended Bellows Falls High School because Charlestown didn't have a high school. And his father still works in a machine shop in Springfield, Vermont, because Charlestown has no machine shops.

"As any fool can plainly see," says Fisk, "there isn't a hell of a lot of action in Charlestown."

In schoolboy and Legion ball, Fisk, whose nickname, Pudge, dates back beyond his memory to when he was a fat little boy, was scouted and coached by Bert Stewart, a Red Sox scout who works in the same machine shop with Fisk's father. In Bellows Falls, Legion baseball followers still recall a 500-foot homer hit by Pudge at the age of 15. It was probably the longest ever hit in Vermont, or even in New Hampshire.

Fisk was as good in basketball as a schoolboy. In 1965, he was an All-Vermont basketball forward who once collected 40 points and 32 rebounds in a game. He was also Vermont's American Legion Baseball Player of the Year in 1965 when he caught, pitched and played shortstop.

Fisk chose baseball as his career, a choice he almost regretted after his 1970 season at Pawtucket in the Eastern League. Sporting a .229 batting average, his worst as a pro, a back ailment that cost him 20 pounds in weight, and an intense dislike for the town, Fisk was ready to quit. His wife talked him into giving baseball one more year.

That was the last time he thought about retiring. Even a shoulder separation at Louisville in 1971 wasn't enough to stop him. He made a fast recovery, batted .263, hit ten homers in 94 games and ended the season in Boston, where he hit two homers in six games. But no one suspected that in less than a year Fisk would progress to the point where reporters not only would listen to his words but spread them over the front pages.

"I must admit that whole experience taught me a few things," Fisk says. "From then on, I stopped talking to every writer I met as if he was my mother. Let's say I was näive."

Maybe näive. Maybe brilliant. Fisk fired the Red Sox right into the pennant race. Except for his words—and his glove and his bat—they would have been dead by Labor Day. ■

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(*Continued from page* 43)
When I turned around to show her the ash tray she was sitting back there and rolling herself a joint. In my *cab*, man." He shakes his head and laughs. "They say California five years ahead of the rest of us. If that right, we in trouble."

In the beginning there was Mark Spitz, the precocious water-baby: Spirited, laughing, lanky, running on the beach and playing in the surf at Waikiki only shortly after he had learned to stand on his feet. His father was a production engineer bent on his son's becoming a champion swimmer, and it didn't take long for the kid to produce. When the family moved back to California where Mark had been born, he began winning every race in sight at the Sacramento YMCA. Mark was enrolled in a first-rate swim club, turned over to a swimming coach who would later take him to Olympic stardom, and by the time he was ten he had already set a United States record in the 50-yard butterfly. The nation at large began paying attention to the phenom from California in 1967, when he won five gold medals in the Pan-American games and was named Swimmer of the Year by a prestigious swimming magazine. One top-rate coach, in fact, was already saying Spitz was better than Don Schollander, who had taken four gold medals in the '64 Olympics.

The bubble burst for Spitz, of course —however temporarily—in the '68 Olympics at Mexico City. Still a bit immature and prone to blurt out whatever came to his mind, he had angered many of his teammates by boasting he would win six golds. Schollander wasn't speaking to him, and there were anti-Semitic slurs thrown his way by others. In the end he won only two golds, both of them in relay events, and his disappointing performance was one of the big stories out of Mexico City. Damaged for the first time in his life, he went back home with his tail between his legs. He enrolled at Indiana University to prepare for dentistry, and for the next Olympic Games.

He was eminently prepared for the '72 games at Munich. Now he was 22, with a Clark Gable smile behind a trim mustache, a sinewy young athlete at his peak. The young girl swimmers on the U.S. team fairly swooned in his presence. Most of those he would compete against all but gave him first place in each event he would enter. Perhaps no one athlete ever again will dominate an Olympics as he did. He swept to seven gold medals, his scoop-shovel hands and firm legs propelling him through the water faster than even swim coaches had thought humanly possible a decade ago. He still had trouble communicating with others—"He's a great swimmer," said one teammate, "but I can't stand him"—but he had communicated on the most important level. Airlifting himself away from Munich when the Arab guerillas bloodied the Games, Mark Spitz went back home to an America prepared to give him anything if he would let them worship him. He might lay out of school for a while, he said, to take advantage of certain opportunities. "One thing for sure," he told *Time*, "I don't want to end up like Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe."

There was no such thing as television, of course, and motion pictures were still a modern marvel when Johnny Weissmuller won three gold medals at Paris in 1924 and two more at Amsterdam in 1928. So no agents fought over him and no corporations bartered for his services when he came back to the United States as an Olympic swimming hero on the eve of the Depression. It was not until a couple of years later that his swimming coach got him a job traveling and promoting swimsuits for $500 a week, and shortly after that he joined 75 others in auditioning for the lead in a movie about a jungle superman.

"I didn't know what I was getting into," he recalls. "I just happened to be out there in Hollywood selling swimsuits, and I decided to go out to MGM and see if I could get into the studio to see some stars I knew. A guy told me if I tried out for the part of Tarzan, I could probably have lunch in the commissary, at least. Well, when I won and they asked me my name, the director said it was too long and wouldn't fit a marquee. Somebody else told him, 'Don't you know who this is?' The director said, 'Okay, then, and we'll put some swimming in the script.' "

Now a well-preserved 68, the most memorable Tarzan lives comfortably on the east coast of Florida where he sells Johnny Weissmuller Swimming Pools (each with the emblem of an Olympic gold medal on the bottom) and runs a private foundation in Fort Lauderdale called the Swimming Hall of Fame. Between travels, he plays golf and swims daily—admitting that "the older I get, the warmer the water has to be." He saw Mark Spitz in '68 and in '72, and is still puzzled over how "the kid always ignored me, like he was jealous," at Mexico City and in Munich.

"A lot of it was nervousness, I'm sure," says Weissmuller. "I went through the same thing. We'd be riding on a bus for the day's events and all of a sudden a fight would break out. The tension is terrific. The kid's up on a pedestal now, and he's gotta be mixed up." Would he have any advice for Spitz? "I'm *for* him. I got hooked up with the William Morris Agency, too, after a while, and they're the best. He's got to understand he's no actor, just a swimmer and celebrity, and make the most of it." Does Johnny Weissmuller have any regrets? "Hell, no. I got lucky. I could climb trees."

When Mark Spitz flew home from Munich, he found there was a light in the window. America, in view of the Vietnam war and the baseball strike and the league-jumping of basketball and hockey stars, was in need of milk-drinking heroes. Mark Spitz looked like the genuine article. Arriving home in Carmichael, California, he found remarkable things happening. Two-dollar posters on him in his Olympic red-white-and-blue bikini were selling like hotcakes. Schick wanted to pay him $25,000 simply to shave off the mustache in front of the cameras. General Motors would put up big money merely for him to slam a Chevy door and say a few words. Bob Hope would like to take him along on the road. The movies were calling. B'nai B'rith would appreciate his assistance. Publishers wanted an autobiography.

The talent agents and "personal representatives" were hanging around the door like vultures, and eventually the nod went to one of the all-time heavies: The William Morris Agency. A fellow named Norman Brokaw, of the Hollywood office laid back until the smoke cleared and set up on the doorsteps of the Spitz home in Carmichael. "No Tarzan movies, no quickies," Brokaw said to Spitz, drawing out an impressive "game plan" based on "dignity and long-range benefits." Papers were signed.

"The $5 million price tag on Mark Spitz's shaggy head," *Life* magazine called it, showing photographs of the Olympic hero trying out new clothes and shaking hands with George Burns and playing a dentist on Bob Hope's television show.

The fish was out of water now, and was doing quite well. Schick had caved in under Brokaw's demands, giving Spitz a 99-year contract for $1 million to use him as a "personal representative." He couldn't sing, and he couldn't act, but no matter. He was signed to hit the road with Hope, and to do a Bill Cosby show, and somebody wanted him to do a movie with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford. A contract was signed to do milk commercials, and another for a Saturday-morning Mark Spitz animated kiddie television series. The great American dream had materialized.

The bar at the Hollywood Ramada Inn on Sunset Boulevard is a lonely place at 4:30 in the afternoon. There is a bald old man at the end, drinking himself into a stupor, and two struggling young actors: A smiling Chicano who is tending bar, and a brooding heavy-set fellow who looks like Al Hirt. The two actors are idly watching a black-and-white re-run of the old *Rifleman* series, which starred ex-baseball player Chuck Connors, on the TV set suspended from the wall.

"Hollywood Stars, wasn't it?" says the bearded one.

"What?" says the bartender.

"Connors. He played for the Hollywood Stars. Baseball."

"Yeah, when he was finishing up. Pretty good hitter."

"Well, he's a lousy actor." The bearded actor turns away from the set. "Man, that really burns me. Guys like you and me, we gotta learn to act, and suffer, and these guys just walk right in and get the work. Look at 'em. Connors, Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Rosey Grier. Now you got this punk, Mark Spitz. Hey, you seen some of those commercials?"

"Bad, really bad," says the bartender. "Saw him the other night at this club on the Strip. Somebody introduced him to the crowd and he went into a rage. 'Goddammit, Rudy,' he's screaming, 'you promised me there wouldn't be any of this crap.' Cussed the owner out in front of everybody. He's a great kid."

"Well, he's a lousy actor."

"But a rich one. He doesn't have to act."

Upon signing with the William Morris Agency, Mark Spitz announced that he would stay out of dental school for a year so he could take advantage of certain things coming his way. When Norman Brokaw suggested he move to Hollywood, he did—into a plush, singles' apartment complex. Unaccustomed to such things, he generally stayed away from night-clubbing and lolly-gagging around Sunset Boulevard. But he quickly adapted to the ways of the Hollywood star: A Lincoln Mark IV (stereo-equipped), a $1200 gold watch, lavishly mod suits, stacks of stereo tapes. He quit swimming, even for exercise. Hundreds of fan letters were coming in each day, not to mention requests for interviews and offers of new deals, but Mark Spitz was already programmed not to do anything until advised by the people he had turned his young life over to. His sister, a dental assistant, was told by the William Morris Agency not to speak to anyone about her famous brother.

And then, given time, the stories began to leak and people began to look at Mark Spitz with more perspective. Why hadn't he spoken out for Israel at the Olympics, rather than mouthing Avery Brundage's pap about how "the Olympics must go on"? At press conferences, he would refer any question remotely controversial—"How do you feel about the future of the Olympic Games?"—to "my agents in Hollywood." He seemed to have no opinions that he was willing to express on anything except "this great stereo system" he had. "It's not the amount of money he's making," a journalist said in Los Angeles, "but the manner in which he's making it." If the *Life* article played it fairly straight, an ensuing piece in *Newsweek* let him hang himself. "I was allowed 15 minutes with him," said the man who did the interviewing, "and if I'd had two hours he wouldn't have said any more." Mark Spitz, under the microscope, was proving to be as shallow as a saucepan. "Why," wrote columnist Bill Buckley, "should a human being who can swim 1/16th of a second faster through liquid than another human being be entitled to $5 million?"

Mark Spitz's agents, of course, were only mildly concerned with this. The "game plan" called for "dignity

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and safety" and what they did was promptly shut their boy off. "Mark is programmed not to talk," publicist Jay Bernstein in Hollywood was quoted as saying in *Newsweek*. They were discussing acting lessons for Mark now, and allowing no interviews with the client unless they were with that great flapping horde of old-line Hollywood "columnists" who can always be counted on to "print the truth." Mark Spitz was the hardware and they were the salesmen, and they would sell him to whom they wanted when they wished.

"I'd appreciate it if you won't use my name."

"All right."

"I mean, Mark might. . . ."

"Where is he?"

He pointed to a stack of crumpled letters. "More than 400 requests to interview him, right here in my hand. Look," he said, miffed, "Mark's got to *live*. I'm talking about *eating* now and then. Now, what can I do for *you?*"

For three weeks I have tried to get some time with somebody—anybody to talk about Mark Spitz and his new life. Mark himself, Norman Brokaw, Jay Bernstein, anybody. So I have flown to Hollywood and called incessantly, and at the last minute I am presented to a young man in the office. "Ten minutes," he has told me. "That's all." It is the first time he has returned a phone call to me in three days, four blocks down the street. At this point I deeply appreciate it. For balance, I need somebody to say something nice about Mark Spitz.

Everybody, he says, keeps asking Spitz stupid questions. In Atlanta, he says, a reporter asked him what his favorite kosher food is. "He is a very shy, very warm person," he says, and it is "a shame you couldn't get to know him." Mark, I am told, is "very involved" with youth swimming and wants to "put back into swimming what society gave him." They are looking for "the right things" for Mark, and Tarzan would not be right because it "has no dignity."

"What else can you tell me?" I ask.

"Huh?"

"Like, about Mark Spitz. Mark Spitz, the man."

"Oh." He rocks back. "Well, among other things, he's a very polite person. Like, if you call him and leave a message he always calls you back. You'd be surprised how many people in this town don't do that." ■

(*Continued from page* 64)

people would still say that the Bruins were great . . . but. The but was the goaltending. True, the club's goals-against average was never particularly good. But the team won.

"I thought he was a great goalie," says Esposito. "He was a winner. He used to tell me the average didn't matter, that he didn't care if we won by 8-7. I didn't believe him. We'd talk about it and I'd say, 'Come on, Gerry, admit it. You'd like a great average.' He insisted it didn't matter. You know, after a while I believed him. For I found out that he was one of the all-time greats when it came down to the money."

Cheevers wasn't fooling. He is one of the few goalies whose average in Stanley Cup playoffs is better than his regular-season mark. When the Bruins won the Stanley Cup last year, for example, he posted two shutouts in eight games—the same number of blankings he recorded in 41 regular-season games. In the 1969 playoffs he turned in a remarkable 1.68 goals-against in nine games, and turned in three shutouts— equaling his output in 52 regular-season contests. Perhaps his outstanding performance was in what proved to be the final game of the 1972 playoffs. He shut out the Rangers, and the Bruins took the Cup. It came at Madison Square Garden, where the New Yorkers had been shut out only twice during the season.

"He was the type of goalie I liked," says Esposito. "Nobody would ever stand in his crease. He'd whip him. I liked that."

Gerry Cheevers, says Derek Sanderson, "is the best in hockey today. He'll win 1-0 or 10-9. He never gets uptight or mad at anyone. He always blames himself, not his defensemen. And he kept us loose."

This is part of the Cheevers charm. He's always thinking up gags. When the Bruins got Mike Walton from Toronto, Walton had just finished some well-publicized visits to a psychiatrist, who recommended that Walton be given a change of scenery. The Bruins were ready for their first trip with their new teammate and had to wait around the airport.

"Get down on the floor," Cheevers commanded Walton. Walton obeyed. Then Cheevers pulled out a pad and pencil. Acting like a psychiatrist, he started to ask Walton about his childhood, all the time taking notes. The other passengers stared in disbelief at the scene while the Bruins roared.

As fate would have it, Walton and Cheevers were roommates. Walton was compulsively neat. He'd clean out a sink with a towel after shaving, he'd turn down the beds. Cheevers would enter the room and throw his coat on the bed and toss his shoes into a corner. Walton would scurry after Cheevers, picking up, rearranging, hanging his clothes. "He used to drive Mike nuts," says Esposito.

Cheevers became hockey's trivia fanatic. In hotel rooms he'd watch *Jeopardy* and *The Hollywood Squares* quiz shows. Then he'd make up lists of questions to stump his teammates. Soon, it spread. Everyone on the team was playing word and trivia games.

"Hey, Phil," he once asked Esposito, "who's the only guy to lead the National Hockey League in scoring without ever having played a full season as an amateur?"

"Gee, I don't know," Esposito replied.

"Phil, you dope—it's you," said Cheevers.

On airplanes Cheevers spent his time reading about horses, or making up questions to stump his teammates, or selecting an all-ugly team of players.

"I had a few trivia questions that used to stump the guys," says Cheevers. Here are some of them:

1) Who played the first Tarzan? (Elmo Lincoln)

2) Which actress won the most Academy Awards? (Katharine Hepburn)

3) Last year, Philadelphia and Los Angeles made a seven-player hockey trade. Name six of the players. (Ed Joyal, Jean Potvin, Ross Lonsberry, Bill Flett, Bill Lesuk, Jim Johnson and Serge Bernier)

4) When Pontiac took the Indian head trademark off its cars, where was the last place they removed it from? (The high-beam indicator)

Despite pondering these questions the Bruins managed to win hockey games last season. And Cheevers was virtually unbeatable. He set a league record by appearing in 32 straight games without a loss—almost half a season of play. At first, the streak escaped notice. The Bruins, as usual, were winning by big margins and no one notices the goalie when a club wins, say, 7-2. The team finished first, easily, and roared through the playoffs. Cheevers' won-lost-tied mark for the season was 27-5-8—by far the best percentage record in the league. Then

along came the World Hockey Association.

For several years, Boston sports attorney Bob Woolf had been handling Cheevers' negotiations. But when it came down to the biggest contract of his life, Cheevers decided he would go it alone.

"I found it all very basic," Cheevers explains. "I didn't think I needed anyone with me."

Cheevers dealt on a one-to-one basis with Nick Mileti, the sports impresario who owns the Cleveland Crusaders of the new league. They struck it off immediately. Mileti is a gambler, in a business sense. Cheevers likes to play the horses. They both agreed to take a chance on the new league.

"At first I thought of 999 reasons why I should stay in Boston," says Cheevers. "Then I thought of 999 why I should go." Perhaps Reason No. 1000 was the turning point: The money. Cheevers signed a seven-year deal for $1-million. It was twice as much as the Bruins, who couldn't believe what was happening, were prepared to spend to keep him.

Suddenly, the season started and Cheevers no longer was a member of the NHL's best hockey team. Now he was playing in Cleveland, not exactly the entertainment capital of the world, and the closest race track was named Thistledown. Instead of hearing 17,500 screaming fanatics when he appeared at Madison Square Garden, only 4000 fans showed up. At the Cleveland Arena there were 8000 loyalists on hand instead of the 14,000 that used to pack the nooks and crannies of Boston Garden. He was a diamond plucked from Tiffany's window to be displayed in a back room of Macy's.

But Cheevers has too much self-assurance to sulk about being out of the limelight. "Gerry exudes being a winner," says a Cleveland official. "He's one of those guys with a certain air of confidence. When you see him in the nets, everyone gets the feeling they're going to win."

Gerry's roommate is the club's other goalie, a rookie to the big-time named Bob Whidden.

"Anything I need, Gerry does it for me," says Whidden. "And he's been around. When we go out he makes sure everyone's invited. Gerry knows all the bars."

Whidden also claims, "I'm getting so intelligent rooming with him. He's got all the guys reading the newspapers. You never know when he's going to

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pop a question at you. Like, he asks me about the Vietnam war: Who was the first president to send troops to Vietnam? But the big thing he's done is make believers out of us. Take me. I didn't think I could play in this league. He spends time with me. He tells me where different players shoot —and it seems that he's always right. Like, he told me about J.C. Tremblay, how he would shoot high on my stick side. Sure enough, every time Tremblay shot that's where the puck went."

In leading the Crusaders to the top of the Eastern Division in the early months of the season—while posting a 10-4 mark and turning in three shutouts—Cheevers has shown that he's still the great clutch goalie he was last year. He claims his motivation is as strong as ever.

"Pride. I get it out of winning," he explains. "I get a real big kick out of it and that's my basic emotion. I've got pride in this league, for what we're trying to do and what we've had to overcome."

Cheevers insists he's never been nervous, not before a Stanley Cup game — not even last November when he returned to Boston for the first time as an alien. As he prepared to go to Boston Garden, he said, "I feel no different. I've never been uptight before a game."

The quiet confidence has always spread to his teammates. "Except for Bill Russell, I don't know any other athlete who got up for a game like Gerry Cheevers," says attorney Bob Woolf. "He psyches himself to the degree that you feel nobody can touch him. And he believes this. I found him a fascinating guy. Even though we're no longer associated, I still believe he's a gentleman. He's an easygoing fellow who makes up his mind to do something—and then he goes ahead and does it, whatever it is. I don't know anyone who doesn't like him."

Esposito speaks in grateful terms for having had the chance to play with the goalie. "He was a Godsend for a team like we were, a team that played so wide open. He was special for putting up with us. We used to leave him all alone in his net quite a bit."

To his wife Betty, Gerry is the kind of guy whose "mind is always working." She concedes, too, that it's "hard to stay mad at him for very long because he gets me laughing so easily." There was, for example, the New Year's Eve party at the Branding Iron, Bobby Orr's restaurant. Cheevers went through the revolving door into the kitchen—and reappeared seconds later as a busboy bringing water. Whoosh! He disappeared again, and soon returned dressed as a waitress. Then, for a third act, he came back wearing a chef's hat.

But even more than madcap jokes, Cheevers loves horses. He has been going to race tracks for 15 years, which means he started when he was 17. But it's not just for the betting (although Sanderson claims that with Cheevers handicapping for you, you're bound to make money), Cheevers owns some horses. He's got a few racing in Maryland and one in New York. Someday, perhaps, when he looks around for a new career, he might go into training horses.

By the way, Gerry, just how does that book come out? Does the colt surprise everyone by winning the Kentucky Derby?

"To know that, you'll have to buy the book," says Cheevers. ■

THE SPORTS COMMISSIONERS

(*Continued from page* 33)

been it, and that's for certain."

Kennedy tells me the question-answering story at about 11 a.m. To give you an idea of a commissioner's day, he has met with Gourdine, who reported on a talk he held in Milwaukee with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Lucius Allen about their Denver marijuana bust. Kennedy has also dictated ten letters, sent a directive to all teams to put protective padding on the bottom of backboard stanchions and met with director of officials John Nucatola to make final selections on three rookie referees. And he has made 12 phone calls, ranging from a conversation about an executive search being made in regard to staff reorganization to a congratulatory message for Toots Shor, the pleistocene restaurateur who has returned to inaction with a new saloon. Later, Kennedy will leave for a meeting with ABC-TV sports director Roone Arledge.

Before I leave, I ask him what the hardest part of his job is. His answer gets a lot of thought. "To convince each of the 17 owners, all of whom are successful in other fields," he says, "that their thinking and their decisions must be made in the best interests of the whole association."

Right now, Kennedy's biggest problem is one that even his new powers can't solve. It's also a problem similar to one Rozelle solved some years ago. It's the problem Walter Kennedy shares with his new ABA counterpart, Robert S. Carlson—the merger of the two leagues. The merger agreement is expected to come before Congress any day now. According to Carlson, the question is whether the conditions Congress is sure to tack into the agreement "will be palatable to the leagues."

Which brings us to Carlson, who sees the merger as the only way to end the talent battles that cost the ABA Rick Barry, Jim McDaniels, John Brisker and Charlie Scott last year. As yet untested, Carlson, a 47-year-old attorney, could be a sleeper in the effectiveness derby. Under his predecessor Jack Dolph, the ABA had been run by a committee of owners. When Carlson was interviewed for the job at a meeting in Chicago with all the owners present, he said he would dump the committee system and take the responsibility himself. "They asked me if there were enough powers in the bylaws," he says. "I said there were, but that power depended on the guy in office. It seemed to me the owners were relieved to hear they wouldn't have to work so hard any more." Also, he neither has nor wanted a written contract. "Being fired holds no terror for me," he says. "I can always practice law. I wanted to be free to leave when I want to leave."

This could be positive thinking considering that the merger agreement calls for the NBA commissioner to remain as overall head of the combined conference. Or it could be a hint of sterner stuff to come. A tall, broad-shouldered man who ranges around his office in his shirtsleeves while he talks, Carlson gives the impression that he is looking forward to his first showdown. You have to figure that anybody who can raise six kids in the Connecticut suburbs and afford to send two of them to Yale at the same time has to know something. Carlson attended Harvard College and Harvard Law School, and then became a Wall Street lawyer, working for a firm that represented

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TOTAL

Madison Square Garden. In 1964, he formed his own firm—in which former U.S. Senator Charles Goddell became a partner. Around this time, he met Bowie Kuhn. ("I ran into him on the other side of a lawsuit.") He also met Ray Boe, a dress manufacturer who hired Carlson to help negotiate the sale of his company. They became friends, and Carlson represented Boe in the latter's acquisition of a minor-league football team in 1968 and the ABA's New York Nets in 1969.

After that, Carlson continued to take care of the Nets' legal work and became an alternate trustee of the club. He quit both his law firm and the Nets on becoming league commissioner last July. As you might suspect, there has been criticism that his association with Boe weakens him as a commissioner. As you also might suspect, both men deny this. At his job interview, Carlson says, he told the other owners that "I expected that I and Boe would both bend over backwards, so that my being commissioner would work to his detriment." If you were writing a movie script, you would make Carlson's first showdown come against the Nets.

Carlson's advent into sports litigation was paralleled by his former legal adversary, Bowie Kuhn. The 46-year-old Kuhn is an intelligent, methodical man who works to semi-classical FM music, enjoys playing chess with his four children and reads Pogo and Peanuts. Kuhn may be the most well-born commissioner; he is a descendant of frontiersman Jim Bowie as well as of two Maryland governors. And at six-foot-five and 230 pounds, he is the biggest commissioner. Unfortunately for baseball, he has not come off as the strongest. Last December, Red Smith, who was discussing the enervation of commissioners since Landis, wrote that "if baseball started with Little Caesar, it wound up with Ethelred the Unready." Nothing has happened since to change that assessment.

Certainly, the shadow of Judge Landis hangs heaviest over Kuhn. Baseball's owners have made sure no one ever got a smattering of that sort of power again. When Landis' successor, Happy Chandler, showed a modest fire, they replaced him with Ford Frick, a model of docility. When Frick retired, they picked William D. Eckert, whose major qualification appeared to be almost total ignorance of baseball. After three years in which he moved steadily toward widespread disaster, Eckert was forced to resign. That was in December, 1968. Two months later, Kuhn was picked as a compromise candidate.

He looked good. Kuhn, who grew up in Washington, D.C., is one of those high school senior class presidents who was voted most likely to succeed. He had a B.A. from Princeton, and a law degree from the University of Virginia. He had been a baseball buff ever since boyhood, when he operated the scoreboard at Griffith Stadium. After law school, he received several offers and deliberately picked a New York firm whose clients included the National League. In 1968, when the owners were preparing to dump Eckert, Kuhn was representing the National League teams in talks with the Players Association, which was threatening to strike over pension demands. Soon after he was named commissioner, he helped bring about a settlement.

Since then, he's had moments, but not much more. The commissioner's biggest job these days seems to be running the World Series. Kuhn did fine Charley Finley $5000 for speaking ill of him during the Vida Blue rumpus. But he didn't distinguish himself in taking the middle way out and suspending Denny McLain for half a season on bookmaking allegations, and he looked ludicrous when he reprimanded Bouton. He echoed his employers in cheering the dismissal of Curt Flood's suit to overthrow the reserve clause. And he was powerless during last spring's strike, when the real authority was vested in an owner's board.

In the early jockeying to avoid a strike this year, Kuhn did not distinguish himself. When the baseball management gathered in Hawaii for its winter meetings, Kuhn called a news conference to discuss the latest progress, or lack of same, in baseball's collective bargaining sessions. The players —who had agreed with the commissioner not to air their grievances in public—were stunned. Marvin Miller, the players' executive director, called Kuhn's news conference a "destructive" act.

Kuhn could be worse off. He could be NHL commissioner. The problem there would be that a man his size would be too vulnerable in arenas. Kuhn could ask Clarence Campbell about this.

Specifically, he could inquire about the night of March 17, 1955, when Campbell took his seat in the Montreal Forum to watch a game between the Canadiens and the Detroit Red Wings. The trouble was that Campbell had suspended Montreal star Maurice Richard from the last three games of the season as well as the Stanley cup playoffs for Richard's action in breaking several sticks over an opposing player's head. Inside the arena that night, Campbell was pelted with programs, peanuts, overshoes and bottles—and punched in the mouth by a fan who faked his way into the commissioner's box. Outside, thousands of people rioted for seven hours, causing looting, injury and more than 100 arrests.

Campbell—who had been a Rhodes scholar, a prosecutor for the Canadian War Crimes Investigation and an NHL referee—stuck to the suspension. "If I hadn't prevailed," he says, "I wouldn't be in this office today."

At 67, Campbell is the oldest commissioner and the most enduring—he has been running the NHL for 26 years. The league itself has always been well administered although it's not quite the tight little fiefdom it was in 1946 when there were only six teams instead of the present 16—and no World Hockey League to contend with. In those days, says Campbell, the owners all moved in the same social circle and solved their problems at parties and the track. Whereas today, he says, "There is no common denominator among the owners except their desire to be in the sport."

Not that Campbell—a tall, dour man who wastes neither words nor smiles—wants to be a Judge Landis. On the contrary, he is by his own definition an owners' man. "Basically, I consider myself a senior executive officer of a very big organization," he says.

There is also a paternalistic note, which probably goes back to the old days. He says he is in favor of the Players Association "although I am cast in a role on the other side." But he also explains that in running the league as a senior executive officer, "I've done a lot for the sport, which has rebounded primarily for the benefit of the players."

In a sense, that's the way all the commissioners feel they operate: For the benefit of the players.

And at the will of the owners. ■

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And once they have been set in motion, THESE are the results the ancients specifically described in this great volume:

Read The Other Person's "Aura"! See At A Glance, His Past, Present, Future!

The ancients knew that the secrets of the human mind, and of human passion, *are shielded only from those who rely exclusively on the ordinary senses!* These common men and women never even dream that *an electro-magnetic "aura" surrounds every living human being,* and tells *instantly* the state of his health.., the nature of his personality... the intensity and direction of his emerging relationship with you!

This, then, is the first step to knowing this person, inside and out, *far more deeply than anyone in his life has ever seen into him before!*

But this is only the first step! Beyond that, you then put into effect the powers described in this book as "Super-Hearing"! With them, *that person's past becomes an open book to you.* The secrets, the actions, the episodes that he (or she) have striven so desperately to conceal, *all are revealed to you as though you were watching a TV screen inside his head!*

Thus, The Ancients Knew How To Make Not Only The Past But Also The Present Of Anyone They Met Completely Theirs!

The second of these great "Astral Powers" was "Super-Sight"! Although for centuries such supersight was a complete mystery, now, today, in our era of electronic science, *it has suddenly become completely explicable!* It is, we may say, rather *a sort of natural "radar-set," built into the human brain, and available for use to the chosen few.* And, just as a radar-set can see through darkness–or the similarly constructed X-ray machine can see through solid matter–*so, the ancients say, can this human "radar-set" see what is blocked forever to the ordinary eye!*

For example, on page 216 of this amazing volume, you will see *the very formulas* the ancients used to be able to see what was taking place in an adjoining room, *as though its very walls were made of glass...* how to read the contents of a sealed letter, simply by *knowing* of its existence, *even if you have never physically seen it...* how to describe the contents of a locked steel safe... or, to mystify your friends completely, *read them a chosen passage in a closed book that you have never heard of before!*

Plus: The Ability To Insinuate Your Will Into Other Peoples' Minds!

All these Masters, however, considered the highest occult power to be this: *the ability to command the world around you, instead of serving it as an unwilling slave!* All of them learned quite early, of course, that the weapons of physical command, or physical force, *were puny indeed* compared to the power of "silent command"! For, with such domination of others' minds, there is no resistance... there is no fighting back... there is no hesitation in executing the command–*because the wish seems to come from that person's mind itself! And is therefore willingly and passionately obeyed!*

No wonder so many of these men were so incredibly wealthy! Could choose from the entire world around them the very lovers they desired, without prelude or hesitation! Could bring to bear on their enemies overwhelming force! *And therefore were among the most feared and respected men and women who ever lived!*

But This Volume Does Not Stop At The Command Of Other People! IT ALSO GIVES YOU FORMULAS TO COMMAND NATURE ITSELF!

These men also stated that *nature itself* obeys the same spiritual laws that the humans who emerged from it also kneel to. To understand these great natural laws, however, since they are hidden, the adept must once again go beyond the merely physical, the merely visible, *and penetrate to the massive planetary forces which are flowing around us at all times!*

In the ancient days, the first crude, primitive science which attempted to do this was astrology. *But astrology is mere child's play in comparison to the immensely more powerful disciplines outlined for you in the latter pages of this volume!* Here, for example, you will find the science of "Natural Magnetism," *which uses these very invisible forces of nature to re-direct its ordinary cause-and-effect patterns, and thus bring its results and benefits under your control.*

For example, the most dramatic manifestations of this "Natural Redirection" is what ordinary men and women call "luck"! They dream of it, lust after it, *and almost never find it!* But–to the adept–*luck is simply the redirection of the chance occurrences of nature!* And these so-ca led "chance occurrences" are, in reality, *directed by vast invisible streams of cause-and-effect that the ordinary person never even sees!*

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(*Continued from page* 67)

He did it for his wife, Rick says now; he did it for Bruce Hale. Telling Mieuli that he had decided to switch surrogate fathers was the most touching moment of Rick's life.

"When I walked out of Franklin's office that day after telling him about my decision," Rick says, "believe me, there were tears in my eyes."

At that historic meeting, of course, Rick told Mieuli that he had signed with the Oaks for $75,000. Whereupon Franklin dramatically yanked open a desk drawer and extracted a contract for Rick Barry's services—with the sum $75,000 already inscribed. That's why some people misconstrued the tears.

There were real tears in Franklin's eyes, too, but the cynics thought Franklin was just distraught at losing a 22-year-old sophomore who had turned a last-place team into a contender, a brilliant prospect who had won the NBA scoring title in his second pro season.

The cynics were wrong.

"I loved him like a son," Franklin confided.

If Franklin felt hurt, and Nate felt abandoned, newsmen around the country unleashed a righteous indignation stifled since they had tried to hound Muhammad Ali out of boxing. They treated this Barry move—and all his subsequent moves—not as a legal or monetary issue, but as a *moral* one. Rick didn't understand that the newsmen were villifying him in order to preserve the purity of professional sports.

"The writers who knocked me would be quick enough to jump to a newspaper that offered them more money and a better spot without any deep feelings of guilt," Barry says. "The San Francisco fans who felt I betrayed them include people who had left the bosses who gave them their first jobs because the guy in the next town made them a better offer."

Through some inexplicable mental block, Rick cannot understand why a newsman should have the right to leapfrog—from city to city and from job to job—over athletes impaled on "moral obligations" and "loyalties"—largely created by those same newsmen.

Charge, countercharge—the soundtrack of the Rick Barry story is a barrage of invective. But the static can't drown out one fact. As the prodigal son roamed through four cities during the next five years, exercising his constitutional right "to the pursuit of liberty, justice and top-dollar for all," the Warriors stopped being contenders—on the basketball court or at the box-office.

Mieuli mourned. On the wall of his office, he kept a sign that said: "Rick, We Love You." Below the sign, like some kind of holy relic, Rick's Warrior uniform hung from a peg.

"I suppose I'm stubborn," Mieuli said. "I'd captured lightning in a bottle. It's harder to recapture once it gets loose, yet I'm kept alive by my dreams of stuffing lightning back in a bottle."

A court dispute over his obligation to San Francisco sidelined Rick throughout the '67-68 season, but when Rick played for the Oaks the following season, he averaged 34 points per game—and became the first player to win scoring titles in both leagues.

Not that the ABA and NBA were in any way comparable. At the time, the ABA was a terminal basketball ward, a stopover on the route to oblivion. Rick did not win friends among the league's management when he pointed out—correctly—that only Connie Hawkins and Roger Brown of the ABA were good enough to start for an NBA team. Rick modestly omitted himself.

Barry complained to the press about the level of competition—and to the Oakland management about money. They had promised him more than he was getting. His contract had stipulated a flat salary of $75,000, plus a percentage of the gate, but no one had warned him that the Oakland gate came equipped with a negative force-field.

"We finally got a big crowd in Oakland, something like 7000 for a championship playoff game," Rick recalls. "George Mikan, the league commissioner, was there. He strolled out to center-court and announced over the loudspeaker: 'It sure is a pleasure for me to be here in Oklahoma.'

"The dressing rooms," Rick adds, "were carpeted in sweat and shower drippings."

On one side of the bay, Franklin Mieuli sat scheming how to recapture a genie. Across the bay, Rick Barry popped a red, white and blue basketball through a hoop, wasting his skills in dime-store arenas. The franchise folded after the 1969 season—and Rick's dreams of huge gate-percentages faded with it. When the Oak owners announced that they were moving their team to Washington, D.C., Rick balked. His contract was with the Oakland Oaks, not the Washington Caps, he argued. Since the Oaks no longer existed, he felt free to negotiate a new contract with Mieuli—his two simultaneous five-year contracts making him the highest paid player in *both* leagues. But the courts pursued their own fairy-tale logic. The Oaks had died, all right, but their net assets lingered on, in the corporate structure of the Washington Caps. The court ordered Rick, the Caps' chief asset, to honor his ABA contract.

Unfortunately, the court forgot to order the Caps to stay in Washington along with him. And one year later, when the Caps decided to move to Virginia, Rick Barry sat down and did some serious thinking. In that 1969-70 season with the Caps, Rick had averaged 27.4 points per game, yet he had been ignored by the makers of commercials for hair shampoos and yogurt and automobiles—the audience pro athletes love to perform for. Blond, handsome, a non-stop talker who could charm the quills out of a porcupine, Rick realized that even the garish red, white and blue ball was too dim a flare to attract the gaze of fringe-benefit money men. Faced with the prospect of moving to Virginia, Rick was suddenly overcome with nostalgia for home. And since no team in Elizabeth, New Jersey, could afford him, and since the nearby New York Knicks already had a couple of guys named DeBusschere and Bradley, Rick settled for Long Island—and the New York Nets. The payoff would be exposure in the New York-based magazines and newspapers, plus a sportscasting job at ABC-TV. The only problem was: How to get out of that commitment to the new Virginia franchise?

Easy. Rick could make himself so personally repulsive to the folk of Virginia that Squire owner Earl Foreman—even though the loss might kill his franchise—would be forced to deport Barry. It was against his nature, of course, but Rick feigned harshness.

"I don't want my son going to a nursery school and coming back with a southern accent, saying: 'Hi, y'all,

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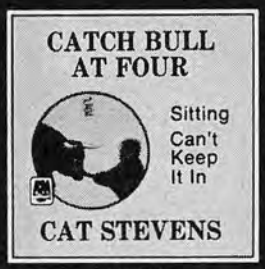

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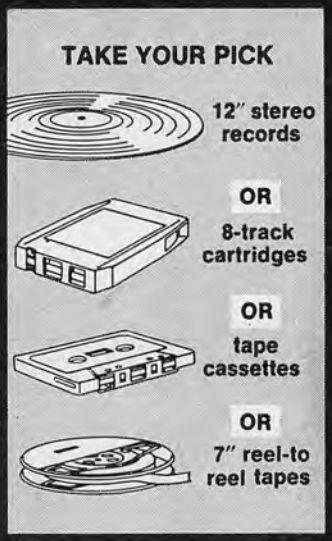

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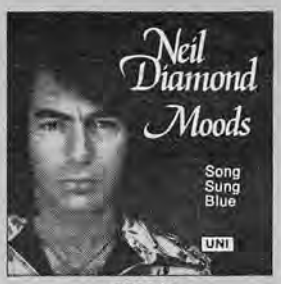

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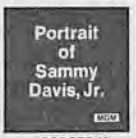

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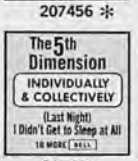

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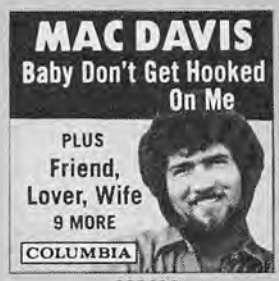

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Dad?' " Rick announced to his new fans.

Rap Brown himself could not have done a finer job of alienating the proud sons and daughters of the Confederacy. Foreman shipped Rick out on the first available underground railroad. Over the next two years, Barry provided the Nets with a super scorer, a team leader, a clutch performer who could be counted on to provide the margin of victory whenever one superhuman effort might make the difference.

Jim Bouton summed up Barry's dominance perfectly one night. After describing in detail how the Knicks and a few other clubs had performed that particular evening, Bouton concluded his TV sportscast with: "The Nets didn't play tonight—Rick Barry scored 30 points." The funny thing is, most of Bouton's listeners believed him. Rick seemed that good.

But Barry's honeymoon in New York terminated in 1972. The courts intervened once more—and this time Franklin Mieuli's prayers were answered. Barry was ordered to play for Mieuli's renamed Golden State Warriors—or for no one. At first, Rick threatened to retire. He was making good money from endorsements and from ABC where he did TV sportscasting. He was meeting celebrities; he was, in fact, a celebrity to other celebrities. But (a fact that has all too often been obscured by his performance offcourt) Rick Barry really does love the game of basketball even more than he loves money. Early in the season he returned to the Warriors.

The prodigal son had come home.

Franklin Mieuli celebrated by shaving off his beard. Three years earlier he had sworn not to shave until Rick returned. "My mother and father didn't appreciate my beard," Mieuli says. "I promised them the beard would come off the day I got Rick back. My father called me when it happened, complimented me on sticking it out—and then reminded me of the beard."

And once it was settled, once Rick knew he was again a Warrior, he told the world he could not be more delighted. He was in Utopia. He bestowed all the virtues upon the Bay Area that, a year earlier, he had said belonged solely to New York.

Rick popped up at the World Series, sitting in the first row behind the Oakland dugout, viewing the game every bit as well as his frontrow neighbors —Charlie Finley, Ronald Reagan and Bowie Kuhn. Rick Barry had slid comfortably back into the Bay scene.

However, after a few games it became obvious that the Rick Barry of 1972-73 was not the same ballplayer who had fled in 1967. When Rick left, he weighed 198 pounds. Now he weighed 220. In Golden State's first encounter with the New York Knicks this season (with Barry's presence paying off in Golden State's biggest crowd in memory), when Dave DeBusschere moved in to muscle Rick, Rick muscled back. Rick seemed slightly slower, but even a Barry who had lost half a step was almost unstoppable around the basket. The Knicks' tactic was to drive Barry outside, beyond normal shooting range. Barry promptly sank the Warriors' first two shots—30-footers. When the Knicks ganged up on him, he fed passes to teammates isolated under the basket, or drove around the startled DeBusschere for an occasional lay-up with either hand. Rick made 12 of 20 shots and the Warriors destroyed the Knicks, 127-104. Somehow, Barry had become a complete ballplayer instead of just a scorer; on defense, he could hold his own against the best defensive forward in basketball. Rick's explanation for his transformation was that by playing in the ABA, where he had to do it all to win, he'd been forced to develop latent talents.

Warrior guard Jeff Mullins had another explanation. "Defenses have changed since 1967," he said. "Playing teams like the Knicks, Bulls and Lakers requires intelligent defenses. Defenses try to jam you now, try to overplay you, double-up, sag or anything legal to change your pattern. The forwards are shorter, the game is faster. And Rick is ideal for today's game.

"He's also more polished offensively than in '67," Mullins adds. "He doesn't go to the hoop as much because we have plenty of shooters. But he's a far better passer. In fact, I don't know of any forward who passes as well on the give-and-go."

Coach Attles adds: "Rick is still slick, and he's more filled out, has more muscle than he did in '67. We would have hesitated then to have him play a big guy like Elvin Hayes, but not now. I think he became a better player in the other league because he didn't have Nate Thurmond to depend on."

Muscle, speed and intelligence may account for Rick's transformation on the basketball court. But that infectious smile, the good looks that make women palpitate, the self-confidence that sometimes sounds like brashness —that's a transformation story, too, like the one about the princess and the frog who turned into a prince.

Rick met Pam Hale when she was 16 and he was an 18-year-old freshman at the University of Miami. She was royalty, the head coach's daughter; Rick was already a prince on the basketball court, but when he untied his sneakers he was a gangling, introspective kid whose defensively caustic comments usually were unintelligible. He talked with his hand over his mouth.

"When my second teeth came in, they came in crooked and two of them were missing in front," Rick told author Bill Libby in their candid book *Confessions of a Basketball Gypsy*. "Maybe my folks could not afford to have them fixed, or maybe having teeth fixed was not then what it is now. I remember talking to Dad about putting in false teeth in front and wearing braces, which might cut my gums when I exerted myself playing ball. Anyway, I did not have my teeth fixed until I was in college. I was very sensitive about my teeth. I was ashamed to look at myself in the mirror. I used to keep my mouth shut and I'd never smile. I used to keep my hand over my mouth, which muffled my voice and made it hard for people to understand me. I developed this habit of keeping my hand over my mouth, just sort of always resting on my chin, and I couldn't shake it for years afterward,

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THE SPORT QUIZ! ANSWERS

From page 38

1 c. 2 d. 3 b. 4 c. 5 a. 6 a. 7 False. 8 Devaney—Nebraska, Bryant—Alabama, Onofria—Missouri, McKay—USC. 9 b. 10 a. 11 b. 12 c. 13 b. 14 Cincinnati—Crosley Field, Philadelphia—Shibe Park, Detroit—Briggs Stadium, Washington—Griffith Stadium. 15 c. 16 a.

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even long after I'd had my teeth fixed. I never fooled around with girls much, because I was ashamed of my appearance and had no confidence in myself."

When Rick reached 20, Pam detected a proposal among his mumblings. "He was a small-town boy," she recalled later. "I was afraid of that. I mean, he came from a solid, quiet family in a small town and he was the sort who wanted to marry the girl next door right away and settle down for life. He was shy and hadn't dated much."

However, instead of telling Rick to go out and experience life, Pam advised him to get his teeth fixed. "Maybe it's wrong, but I'll have to admit my feelings toward him changed after he got his teeth fixed. I'd been away, and when I came home ready to break up with him, all of a sudden he looked terrific. I mean, he was sun-tanned and had let his hair grow long and his mouth was fine and he was beautiful."

Pam and Rick got married, but they were young—and there are better reasons for marriage than a pair of perfectly aligned incisors. When Rick migrated to San Francisco, he soon realized that Pam's swoon was no accident. Women looked at him and liked what they saw. When Rick liked what he saw, all he had to do was ask for it. He did, often, during the first years of his marriage.

When Rick revealed his past infidelities in the book he did with Bill Libby, players around the league were horrified, especially in front of their wives.

Wilt Chamberlain was no more enchanted by Barry's book than the married men were. "A lot of people have said that Wilt is a loser," Rick wrote, "but few of them have been players. Few players have the guts to say this about a guy who might be their teammate or who might take anger out on them on court. But I'll say what most players feel, which is that Wilt *is* a loser. He has a complex about this. He thinks the world is picking on him. He resents criticism, but he does not take advantage of his incredible natural ability. . . . He is terrible in big games. He knows he is going to lose and be blamed for the loss, so he dreads it, and you can see it in his eyes; and anyone who has ever played with him agrees with me regardless of whether they admit it publicly. When it comes down to the closing minutes of a tough game, an important game, he doesn't want the ball, he doesn't want any part of the pressure."

Whatever Rick's failings may be, a lack of courage obviously isn't one of them. Basketball is an exclusive club, and criticism of a fellow member, whether justified or not, is looked upon as a breach of etiquette. Barry's boldness has engendered some resentment among players. At last year's Martin Luther King exhibition game, for instance, when some Nets' fans held up a poster that read "Don't Go, Rick," one player whispered to another: "They left out one letter."

But on court, Rick's performance earns total respect. If anyone doubted that Rick Barry, in the course of his peregrinations, had become a super basketball player, his performance in a return match against the Knicks early this season dispelled those doubts. The night before the Warriors arrived at the Garden, Rick had aggravated an old injury. "I got hit in the knee and apparently scar tissue from my knee operations was pinched," Rick said.

"I wasn't going to play him," added coach Attles, "but when we arrived at New York, Rick came to me and said, 'I absolutely have to play.' "

"I was only coming to New York twice this season," Rick said, "and I wasn't going to miss a chance to play if I could help it. I tried the leg in the warmup and it felt okay."

In the see-saw struggle that followed, Barry on one leg made the difference. Playing with supreme confidence, Barry opened the game with a jump shot. He made it. Dave DeBusschere countered with a jump shot. He made it. The opening exchange set the tone for the rest of the game, with DeBusschere and Barry hitting their shots on offense and each other on defense.

But by halftime the Knicks had a 52-47 lead, and the Warriors adopted a new set of tactics in the third quarter. Six-foot-10 Clyde Lee replaced Cazzie Russell up front. Instead of trading outside shots with the Knicks—the Warriors' pattern throughout the first half—Golden State drove inside, slicing through New York's inner defense perimeter. But by the start of the fourth quarter, the Knicks still led, 78-72.

"I was exhausted," Barry admitted after the game. He moved over to cover the perpetual-motion Bradley, with Lee matched up against DeBusschere. "I knew they were going to Bill because he had a hot hand, and I felt I couldn't keep up with him."

He couldn't. Bradley continued to score from outside and DeBusschere kept shooting over Clyde Lee. But the Knicks were unable to penetrate inside now, while Warrior guards Jim Barnett and Jeff Mullins were able to drive on the basket unimpeded. A jump shot by Barry tied the game at 90-90 with 3:09 left. Bradley hit over a double-screen to give the Knicks a two-point lead. Frazier missed an easy layup, and Mullins drove the baseline to tie it again.

It was the final two minutes of the game now. It was time for Rick Barry, bum leg and all, to demonstrate exactly what the fuss has been about—an infinity of words expended, innumerable legal briefs filed, promises broken, a family uprooted.

Barry scored with a turnaround jump shot from the top of the foul circle to give the Warriors a 94-92 lead.

The Garden crowd was stomping rhythmically, their roar fused into a solid sheet of predatory sound.

The Knicks brought the ball downcourt slowly, working it around until they had an open man—Bradley, whose shooting had been phenomenal. Bill shot the moment the ball touched his hands—and Barry leaped high above him to block it. When the Warriors failed to score, the Knicks fed Bradley again — and Barry blocked that shot, too, with the ball rolling free, the Warriors breaking for their basket and Barry hobbling after them to arrive in time to take a pass 30 feet out from the basket. DeBusschere, staying with him on defense, gave him room. He suspected Barry wouldn't take a low-percentage shot at this crucial moment in the game. Rick held the ball

PHOTO CREDITS

Martin Blumenthal—24, 40 (center, right), 41 (center, right). Barry Bregman—54, 55, 56. Rich Clarkson—42, 44. Bruce Richard Curtis—72. Ron Koch—65, 66. Dave Maenza—40 (left), 60. UPI—14, 25, 34, 47. Jerry Wachter—50. Wide World—38, 41 (left).

back. He looked around for a free teammate, then back at DeBusschere. For a moment he simply stood there, staring at DeBusschere. Then, casually, Barry lofted a 30-footer that sailed past the rim without nudging the net.

The Garden was quiet. The Warriors won the game—making it two straight victories over the Knicks, a nice feeling for Barry, whose Nets had operated in the shadow of the Knicks, and for Cazzie Russell, who had been discarded by the Knicks.

With Thurmond in the middle, Mullins and Barnett behind and Russell or Lee alongside him, Rick is happy to be back playing against the best, with some of the best. As stubborn as ever, although he admits he made errors of judgment over the past five years, he insists: "If everyone had the problems I've had over the past five years, the world would be full of a whole lot of happy people." His marriage has survived, he has two young sons to whom he's very attached. His only regret is his public image.

"What has hurt me throughout my career is how the press has branded me as a money-hungry, back-stabbing individual," he says. "I felt I was doing something as an individual that Rick Barry had to do to make Rick Barry feel as Rick Barry should feel. That's the logic owners act on, that fans act on. But the press treats me differently. They tell people I'm a greedy SOB who hasn't any sense of values whatever. People read this, and some of the people who read this will have that opinion of me for the rest of their lives. It's unfair. Money can't kill that kind of pain."

Below the cool, polished exterior is a kid with two front teeth missing, a kid who had to fight for everything he ever got, a kid whose own worst enemy has often been Rick Barry.

When Rick rejoined the team he had abandoned five years earlier, he said: "I'm here to stay. I want to complete my career in San Francisco." This made Franklin Mieuli very happy. Nate Thurmond was happy, too—back in the limelight as part of the most devastating offensive-defensive duo in basketball.

In fact, everyone was happy.

And so they lived happily ever after . . . at least for a while. ■

SPORT BOOK-SHELF

MEAT ON THE HOOF

BY GARY SHAW

We've heard the complaint before: Football is a big, greedy business that dehumanizes and exploits the players. But the ones making the complaint in recent years have generally been ex-professionals who should have been mature and well paid enough not to have had any Joe College illusions.

In *Meat On The Hoof* we have the story of Gary Shaw, second-string lineman for the University of Texas in some of its most glamorous years—the early Sixties. But there's little here about glorious victories, adoring cheerleaders and crowds roaring, "We're No. 1!" Instead we are given the dreary, pain-wracked Pilgrim's Progress of a Texan tough enough to survive four years of Texas U. football (only one of four scholarship players did) and smart enough to eventually figure out why he was bordering on a crackup at the end.

Shaw found out that winning for alma mater involved such things as tortuous drills designed to run off the less able of the 100 scholarship players allowed a university in order to make room for others. For his four years of total dedication to football, Gary Shaw received little in return. The promise of a free education turned out to mean little; there was simply no time for it, or for other campus activities.

Shaw hands down some bitter indictments of Texas football under coach Darrell Royal, but he also tackles deeper issues. He explores the psychology and motivation of football players—himself in particular—to discover the sources of such characteristics as the need to prove one's manhood in competition and the unquestioning acceptance of authority.

The writing is earnest, heavy at times

(Continued on page 106)

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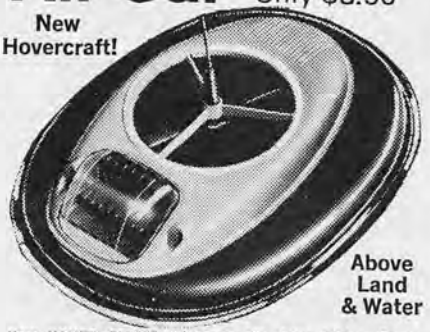

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(Continued from page 105)

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To begin with, there is money, a subject dealt with in loving length. Esposito also gives his opinions on violence, dirty players, the WHA and fans in various NHL cities, among other things.

The concluding chapter, on the Team Canada-USSR series, appeared in the January issue of SPORT. If you read that, then you already know that the Esposito-Eskenazi team makes for lively reading.

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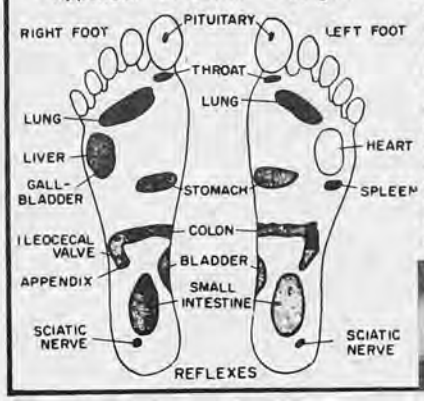

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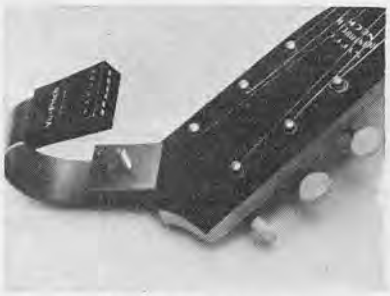

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TIME OUT WITH THE EDITORS

ARE THE COMMISSIONERS NECESSARY?

Out in Oakland, Jimmy Piersall, the former outfielder, works for the baseball champions of the world. Piersall has some fancy title with the A's, but his job is quite simple. Among other things, when Charlie Finley's guests at a ballgame want hot dogs and coffee, Piersall goes to the concession stand. He is, in a sense, a glorified "go-for." That puts Piersall even with Bowie Kuhn, Pete Rozelle, Walter Kennedy, Robert Carlson and Clarence Campbell.

We're exaggerating, of course. Those other five men are paid much better than Piersall, and they operate out of much plusher offices. But in the end, if they forget which owner likes mustard on his hot dog and which one takes his coffee black, they'll be out on the street, too, looking for honest employment.

Which brings us to our thesis: Why should the commissioners of sports be called commissioners? The basic definition of a commissioner is a man who is a member of a commission. So far as we can tell, Kuhn, Rozelle, Kennedy, Carlson and Campbell do not qualify on that ground. (The slang definition of a commissioner is a man who accepts bets on sporting events; no matter what the harsher critics say, we don't think any of the Big Five qualifies on this basis, either.)

We think one of the reasons the commissioners take so much abuse is that they are misnamed. By calling them commissioners, we imply that these men are paragons of impartiality, universality and wisdom. It isn't their fault they can't live up to this kind of billing.

At the opposite extreme, we can't just call these men "go-fors." It would strip them too much of their dignity. (And, as someone once said, if you stripped baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn of his dignity, you wouldn't find too much left.)

Obviously, we need an inbetween title. The best bet, we submit, is to call them super general managers. Bowie Kuhn would become the Super General Manager of Baseball, Pete Rozelle the Super General Manager of Football, and so on. This is the proper title. Just like the general managers of individual ballclubs, the Super GMs work for the owners, speaking for them, dealing for them, hoping to enrich them. Just like the lower-level general managers, the Super GMs deal with the players, too, generally in an adversary relationship—as the owners' prosecuting attorneys.

Now that that's out of the way, now that we've put Super General Manager Rozelle in his proper niche, what about having some real commissioners, some men who actually oversee and supervise both the management-and-labor sides of sports?

We don't think that would be too bad an idea—having commissioners who are selected by both the owners and the players and, equally important, whose salaries are paid by both the owners and the players. Perhaps, ideally, this new breed of commissioners would not be appointed to last as long as they please their employers, but to serve a specified number of years, without worrying about renomination.

Ideally, also, this new breed would be transformed from paper tigers into the kind you can put in your tank—combining the leverage of Judge Landis with the wisdom of Buddha.

(Right now, our commissioners tend to be Joe Fraziers when dealing with players—and Tiny Tims when dealing with owners.)

There is always the possibility of a national commissioner of sports, a man perched atop all of sports in the U.S. (From a practical standpoint, this job right now is held by the President, but, presumably, in some future Administration, the Chief Executive could be a man less interested in telephoning locker rooms.)

We're not sure we'd like to see a national commissioner—it smacks too much of concentrating enormous power in one man's hands—but, if it does, we know of one man who'd love the job. Senator Thomas Eagleton of Missouri, the man who almost ran for Vice President, has made no secret of the fact he'd like to be Commissioner of Baseball. As a consolation, he'd settle for Commissioner of All Sports.

The senator could probably get some good advice from Jimmy Piersall, who, like the senator, has in the past undergone psychiatric treatment. Piersall says, "You can call me crazy, but tell me where else you can get paid this kind of money for this kind of work?"

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